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ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

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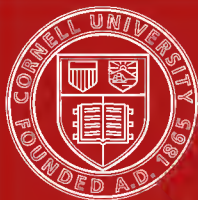
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ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON, A. M., LL. D.

THE LIFE OF ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

WHO SERVED OBERLIN COLLEGE
FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS IN THE
POSITIONS OF PRINCIPAL OF THE
WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, DEAN OF
WOMEN, INSTRUCTOR AND PRO-
FESSOR OF MEDIÆVAL HISTORY,
LECTURER ON THE HISTORY OF
PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE,
TRUSTEE AND MEMBER OF THE
PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE.

By
HARRIET L. KEELER

CLEVELAND
THE KORNER & WOOD CO.

1912

E.V.

To
the College Women of America
this Record of
a College Woman's Life
is dedicated

*The Britton Printing Co.,
Cleveland, O.*

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FOREWORD

I AM moved by affection to write this biography. But affection, though strong as an impelling motive, is not of itself a sufficient reason for placing a book before the public with the hope and expectation that it may bear a message of value. A biography implies that the life recorded has a certain catholic and universal value, by virtue of which its experiences are worthy to become part of the permanent records of the race. In the past such records were supposed to be the due chiefly of warriors and statesmen, of those prominent in public affairs and who acted upon a national stage.

Heretofore, there has been but slight recognition of the existence of individuals possessing rare and subtle personal powers by which they are enabled deeply to affect the life currents of the society in which they live. Because these powers deal with spiritual forces, act by presence and apparently without means they have not been fully observed or generally recognized. "Not he is great," says Emerson, "who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind."

This power of the spirit has shown itself historically in the great teachers and preachers of the race; and because my friend possessed this

power to an unusual degree is the chief reason why I have tried to write her life.

Mrs. Johnston was a great administrator and a great teacher; and great teachers, like great actors and great singers, work in the realm of immaterial things and their work lives only in the spirit and conduct of those whom they have influenced. It can neither be counted nor measured, its extent is unknown and unknowable. Of the thousands of persons who came within the sphere of her influence during the thirty-seven years of her service in Oberlin College there are probably few who cannot recall some expression, some incident trifling enough in itself but so weighted with her personal power as to become a thing remembered, maybe cherished.

A life that has so influenced other lives; an individual who has been a dynamic force in the community in which she lived; who in all public affairs of the College and the town was always to be reckoned with; is a personal type about which society is becoming increasingly solicitous. These spiritual lords of life that appear from time to time pique the curious to explain the sources of their power. As a friend stated the case of Mrs. Johnston, "Her repetition of the ten commandments affects others as the declaration of a new religion, and if she takes a walk only to the fence

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corner she comes back with something interesting and illuminating."

In the last analysis the question arises whether these transcendent persons have come like Athene, "full-armed" from the cradle, or whether this unique personal power is the product of environment working upon a receptive nature.

Biography to have value must show the human soul at work, and as far as possible in the following pages Mrs. Johnston shall speak for herself. It is a source of regret to her friends that she did not write her autobiography; moved by their entreaties she began it, but the task wearied her and we have but the story of her childhood from her own pen. There is, however, much material in diaries, addresses, and reports, which will be utilized to the utmost. Personal recollections will also have full weight.

Fortunately, there exist the files of the College weekly paper, *The Oberlin Review*, founded in 1874 and still published. It has always been wholly managed and controlled by the student body, and as a consequence has each year a new editor and a different board of managers. The unbroken line of utterances for nearly forty years respecting Mrs. Johnston,—casual utterances,—simply as a matter of college interest,—is a remarkable tribute, in that it unconsciously affirms

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the unique and commanding position that she held for so many years by virtue of her social power and her intellectual vigor. I have drawn largely upon its records because they picture the steady stream of college life and are especially valuable, being both incidental and independent.

THE LIFE OF ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

I.

CHILDHOOD, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS a child of the frontier, born in Lafayette, Medina County, Ohio, in the year 1837. I am told, that wanting better accommodations I was rocked in a sap-trough. My father, Leonard Field, and my mother, Margaret Gridley, came to Ohio from Rodman, Jefferson County, New York, my father to "take up" land, my mother to teach in the new colony. They had never met in Rodman but it was not strange that mutual interests in the old home brought them together in Lafayette. Friendship ripened into a life-long companionship. While my mother taught her last summer school, my father built a log house and barn on his new farm and in the fall there was a simple wedding at the home of my mother's uncle, Silas Gates, who had kindly given her a home in his family. My mother always insisted that no wedding journey elaborately planned and expen-

sively carried out, ever surpassed in exquisite delight the walk which she and my father, hand in hand, took through the woods that separated her uncle's farm from her new home.

I remember the home well. There was on the first floor a large room which served as kitchen, dining and living-room; there was also a store-room and bed-room. The second floor reached by a ladder was given to the hired man. The attractive feature of the home was the large stone fireplace where on winter evenings the fire-roared up the wide-mouthed chimney, while the roasting apples sputtered cheerfully on the hearth.

Building a fire in those days was a fine art that I never tired of watching. First the embers were drawn out in front, then the four-foot back-log was rolled in behind the andirons; a fore-stick was placed on the andirons and finer wood piled in between. Matches had not yet been invented and the good housewife, like the vestal virgins in the old Greek temples, must keep the sacred fire from going out. The public road which passed our house ran to the county seat and so on to the city of Cleveland. My father drew all his grain to Cleveland, a distance of thirty miles. The journey occupied two days. He spent the night at Ohio City, now called the West Side, and was ready for the early East Side market. His home-coming was an event in the family. I often walked a long

distance to meet him and was richly repaid as I climbed up to a seat by his side, by his graphic description of what he had seen and experienced. To my childish mind he was a world-wide traveler.

My father held himself responsible for my early education. As the district school lasted but six months of the year and was none of the best during that time, he attempted amid all of his farm duties to supply the deficiency. I am not quite sure that his methods would be approved by the modern pedagogical teacher, but I am willing to compare results. When during the hurrying season of the year his work lasted until long after my bed time, he did not hesitate to waken me and taking me in his strong arms from my trundle bed go carefully through the assigned lesson which my mother while attending to her household duties had helped me to prepare. When seven years old I was studying Brown's Grammar, I could mark out on the floor the outlines of all the important countries, I could read to my father on Sabbath mornings our one religious newspaper, *The Morning Star*, published in Dover, New Hampshire. My one bugbear was the multiplication table—I never mastered it until I had finished Adams' Arithmetic and was well on through Algebra. It was not simply books that my father taught me. The book of nature was always open to him and I was his constant companion. During the sugar-

making season I lived with him in the woods. I learned to know trees, not only by their leaves, but by their bark and method of limbing. Today, a tree out of leaf is to me as interesting and beautiful as when in the full leafage of June. I learned why the moss grows thickest on the north side of a tree; where to look for the first spring flowers; when the wild geese go northward for their nesting; and how God writes his promise in the rainbow.

When I was six years old our new framed house was built. It is standing yet in a lovely spot overlooking Chippewa Lake. The moving into the new house was a severe matter with me. I was strongly attached to the old log house. It was the only home I had ever known. It seemed ungrateful to desert it. Then I did not approve of the staring white building,—as compared with the soft, grey, vine-covered logs,—it was crude and unattractive. I boldly announced that I should not move and I resolutely seated myself on my bed and refused to have it carried out. My mother tried to reason with me, I would not yield and it looked as if I must be forcibly removed, when my mother said, "Very well, if you stay here alone what will you do when you waken up at midnight and the owls are hooting?" This was too much for me. I threw myself sobbing into her arms and my trundle bed went over to the new house.

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When I was eight years old a great event happened, a sister was born to me. I walked the house, waving my hands exclaiming, "I have a sister! I have a sister! She breathes, she will always, always live with me. We shall never be separated," and this has been literally true, for when the ocean has been between us, we have been together.

As I look back to those early days it seems to me that the early settlers of northern Ohio were men and women of marked character. Long before the farms were cleared each community had built a church and a schoolhouse. The farmers and their families came long distances in their lumber wagons on Sabbath morning to attend "divine service." As a rule the minister was an educated man with a New England training. There were two sermons. At the intermission the neighbors with their dinner baskets gathered during the summer months under the trees, and in winter around the box stove, and exchanged ideas upon the questions of the day. The women took an interested part in these discussions. Indeed, some of the leading characters in the Lafayette settlement were women. Among these was Aunt Sallie Gates, a woman of large heart and remarkable common sense. No minister dared utter a heretical doctrine when she was in church. He was met by a decided shake of her head and all the

audience knew that Aunt Sallie disapproved. She was a firm believer in fresh air. The box stove which I have already mentioned, filled with three-foot wood, often glowed with a red hot heat. Aunt Sallie on such occasions would often raise a window near her. During the intermission some good deacon would close the window. One day a bold deacon dared to close it during the service. The next Sabbath morning Aunt Sallie entered the church with an unusual air of determination; when seated she removed a heavy woolen shawl from her shoulders, wrapped it around her right hand and thrust it through the window. We had fresh air for that Sabbath at least.

Thanksgiving was a great event in Lafayette. There was a sermon in the morning, and then social gatherings in different parts of the colony. Great care was taken that no one was overlooked. Aunt Sallie invited the minister and the deacons with their families. This, of course, prevented her from hearing the Thanksgiving sermon because she must attend to the roasting of the turkey. On one particular occasion there was a sudden ending to the sermon. The minister enumerated so many reasons for thankfulness that he passed beyond the dinner hour. Aunt Sallie's turkey was done to a turn, the pumpkin pie, the smoking vegetables were ready for the table, she stood in her front door and anxiously looked toward the church. No

one was in sight, the minister was still preaching. What should she do? Her reputation as the best cook in the colony was in danger; she suddenly turned and seized her dinner horn and blew a blast that rang through the church a quarter of a mile away. The sermon ended without remark.

Whatever happened in the settlement was of general interest. One Sabbath morning instead of entering the church we all gathered in front of the church. Word had gone out that Mr. M. had bought a carriage and curiosity was at its highest. The carriage proved to be a two-seated, open, light wagon, painted bright yellow with black stripes. This set the fashion; soon other farmers bought carriages, finally among them was a genuine covered carriage and we felt that Lafayette had become cosmopolitan.

The early settlers were interested in all the living issues of the day. On long winter evenings they gathered around some neighbor's fire and discussed until a late hour social and political questions. The theory of the Phalanx was in the air; men dreamed of the possibility of a society where all things were owned in common, where brotherly love absorbed all selfishness and men lived according to the Golden Rule. To realize this dream, many a man sold his farm, gave the money to the Phalanx bank and joined the community, believing that the millennium had come.

I remember how earnestly my father pleaded with one of his neighbors not to run the risk of impoverishing his family by so fanatical an undertaking, but arguments were of no avail. This man sold his farm, his cattle, horses and sheep, and gave the entire proceeds to a community established, I think, at Harmony, Indiana. In three years he returned a wiser but a poorer man. The nomination of James G. Birney by the new Free Soil party I do not remember, but his renomination in 1844 I had good reason to remember, for my father was a most earnest anti-slavery man, and the discussions he held that autumn with his Whig friends over the questions at issue converted me, if they did not convince our neighbors. I became a radical abolitionist. I learned the campaign songs and while I never could sing I repeated them with great gusto to the school children at recess time. One of them began:

“Some vote for Clay and some for Polk—
But I for Birney strike the lyre.”

I never could understand what I struck the lyre for. The next stanza ran:

“Clay loves the gain of unpaid toil
And when the friends of freedom speak,
Says, Go home and mind your business, sir,
You see my slaves are fat and sleek—
But worthy Birney nobly dares
To ask and speak for right,
Nor scorns a brother though he wears
A skin less fair, nor fears the might.”

Excitement in the district school kept gaining until election morning. On that morning as we children were on our way to school, a wagon passed us filled with men on their way to Medina where the votes were to be cast. Our teacher had taught us that when on our way to school a wagon passed us we must step to the side of the road—the boys must bow and the girls drop a courtesy. One of the boys with true election spirit shouted, "Hurrah for Polk!" This was responded to heartily by the Polkites in the wagon. Then another boy not to be outdone shouted, "Hurrah for Clay!" He, too, had a response from the Clayites. This was too much for me—there was no boy ready to proclaim the name of my candidate, so swinging my sun bonnet I shouted for Birney. There was a dead silence; it was plain there was no Free Soiler in that wagon, but suddenly there was a shout from every voter, "Hurrah for the Birney girl!" However, the day did not end so fortunately. Excitement rose higher and higher every hour,—when school closed it was at fighting pitch. I had to endure the taunts of both parties and when I reached home my dinner basket was half full of dirt, my red hair was grey, my calico dress was ready for the wash tub.

The next morning Terry Chapin called for me on his way to school. My mother said she was not certain I had better go, I had come home in a

sad plight the night before. "Never mind, Mrs. Field," said Terry, "we don't mean any harm—we just want to make Adelia talk—she preaches to us just like a Methodist minister."

When I was ten years old my father sold his farm and moved to Chester, Geauga County, Ohio, the attraction being a first-class school known as Geauga Seminary. It is impossible to decide what are the most important events in our lives; without doubt when we come to gather up all our memories and get the right perspective from the other side of the river, our opinions of the values of events will be greatly changed, but it has always seemed to me that my two years in Geauga Seminary (Academy) marked a pivotal time in my life. Rev. Daniel Branch was the principal, an earnest, scholarly gentleman. Rarely have I known a man whose simple presence seemed to be a command for every one to be at his best. If a student was lounging in the recitation room, he became conscious of the fact as soon as Mr. Branch entered, and by the time he reached the platform every member of the class was in an attentive attitude. I do not think that he ever called a class to order or corrected a student for careless manners. Mrs. Branch was also a teacher in every way. She was energetic, enthusiastic and sympathetic, an inspiration in the class-room. She did not devote herself to the text book, she came to her class so full of

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her subject that it seemed to drop from her very fingers. No one went to sleep in her classes. Through all my teaching years Mrs. Branch has been my ideal for the class-room.

After two years a great change came over my life. My childhood in one day was gone, never to return; from this time on, life was to be an earnest struggle. My father in the prime of manhood was stricken down and without warning my mother was a widow and my sister and I fatherless.

My mother had two brothers who lived in Clarksfield, Ohio. There was no way of reaching them by either railroad or telegraph, so a messenger was sent to them with the sad news. As soon as private conveyance could bring him, Uncle Ephraim was with us. He sold our farm and farm supplies and persuaded my mother to return home with him. It was a dreary journey of one hundred miles across the country. My uncle drove his own team with a heavy load of household goods and I drove my mother's team with a similar load. I remember that when we came to the Mayfield hills we doubled teams. The journey took three days. My mother bought a small farm lying between her brothers' farms and we lived there one year. I was then thirteen years old. One incident remains clear in my memory. I attended the district school and one summer morning a director came to the school building and told us that our

teacher was ill with the measles and that there would be no more school for a least three weeks and then left us. I told the children that if they would come every day and do just as they would if the teacher were there, I would teach them until she returned. This proposition was gladly accepted by every one and the school went on in an orderly manner. Every child was in his place and the lessons were faithfully prepared.

At this point the personal narrative ceases—but we know that Mrs. Field was dissatisfied with the schools of Clarksfield and decided to return to Chester. So in the autumn of 1850, after the fall work was done, her brother loaded her household goods upon the farm wagon and started to take her and her children to their former home. But the roads were poor, the mud was deep and the tired horses could only drag their load as far as Oberlin, when it was intended to reach Elyria. The result of spending that night in Oberlin was that the journey ended there, and satisfied that she could there educate her children, Mrs. Field decided to remain. In due time she bought a comfortable house and took up her residence in the town.

II.

STUDENT LIFE. TEACHING. MARRIAGE.

OF Mrs. Johnston's student life our records are scanty. Her mother increased her slender income by doing what everybody did in those early days—boarded or lodged students. Those were pioneer times. The elder daughter was the mother's adviser, assistant, and comforter, the prop upon which she leaned. Mrs. Johnston used to say in later life that the problems and burdens of living came to her early, perhaps too early; she was mature beyond her years. And yet she always referred with gratitude to the fact that she had been able to be of real assistance to her mother. As school girl and college student she was in Oberlin six years. In after life she rarely mentioned those years and when she did it was but casually.

In those early days the question of woman's education was still discussed with a note of interrogation. Oberlin was clear that she should be educated, but how far and how much was still a mooted question. Two courses of study were offered by the College; one, the regular Classical Course, which led to the degree of Bachelor of Arts and which at first included Hebrew. This,

however, soon dropped out to be studied only in the Theological School. The other was the Ladies Course, afterward called the Literary Course and so appearing in all the Triennial catalogues. This course was designed especially for young women, it did not lead to a degree, obtained only a diploma, and its classes never had the college names, but were called First, Second, Third, and Fourth Years. The course included Latin and most of the English studies of the Classical except the highest mathematics. For those days, indeed, for any day, it was a fair, balanced course of study and far in advance of any at that time offered to women elsewhere. But the coming woman was already on her way and the college class of 1840 numbered three women, while the Ladies Course of the same year numbered ten. From 1840 on, three to five women each year obtained the degree of A.B. The best known of that early group of college graduates doubtless was Lucy Stone Blackwell, who was graduated in 1847 and afterward became the pioneer in the movement for the advancement of women.

Adelia Antoinette Field entered the Ladies Course in 1852 at the age of fifteen. She entered the course, as she once told me, sorely against her will, inasmuch as she had greatly desired to prepare for and to enter the Classical Course. But her mother advised with Mrs. Dascomb, the Lady

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Principal of the period, and the two overruled the youthful student, so that she entered this course and was graduated therefrom in 1856, at the age of nineteen. I always knew, though Mrs. Johnston said but little, that her college work was in a way a disappointment, for she said to me once, "Had I known what I was to do in life I should never have consented to be overruled in the matter of my education."

Life was strenuous in Oberlin in the '50's, that decade that preceded the Civil War, and no one could live there untouched by the currents of thought that surged and swelled about it. By opening its doors to women, Oberlin College had seriously challenged the conservative traditions of the times; but by including negroes as well it had outraged all the Fugitive-Slave-Law-abiding, Slavery-loving, "Cursed-be-Canaan" sentiment of the community far and near. Of course it paid the price. The storm of abuse, calumny, misrepresentation, and contempt, that fell upon that quiet, peaceful, devout, scholarly community is positively inconceivable today. Such a thing could not happen now under any circumstances. But slavery was not only intrenched in economic privilege, but also in both church and state. Clergymen in their pulpits were not ashamed to preach upon the beneficence of slavery and statesmen enacted the Fugitive-Slave-Law. The south

honestly believing that to abolish slavery was to accomplish her economic ruin rushed madly on toward civil war.

Miss Field at this time is described by those who remember her as slight in figure, a personal characteristic she ever retained, of medium height, with a wealth of waving Titian hair, and dark eyes. Her features were slightly irregular and her face in repose somewhat severe, yet so sensitive and mobile that it reflected every changing mood, the changes coming to thought as quick and as responsive as the wind and cloud effects that drift over an open sea. This characteristic she never lost. Her face at rest was stern, but in motion was bright, joyous, tender, delicate, sympathetic, loving—everything that a face could be—nothing long but everything by turns. This in later life made her the despair of artists who tried to paint her portrait and of photographers who wished to take her picture. She was never twice alike, they said, and what was correct today was absolutely impossible tomorrow.

During the years that Miss Field was a student, the religious thought of the colony and the College was dominated by the Rev. Charles G. Finney, who was the most famous evangelist of his time. He was pastor of the First Church in association with Professor John Morgan from 1835 to his death in 1875, and President of the College from

1851 to 1865. In a very realistic sense he was the shepherd of his people. Perhaps the personal characteristic which most impressed others was his sense of the immediate presence of the deity. The Fatherhood of God was not to him a far-away belief, he reduced it to a working hypothesis; his Heavenly Father was present, and not only present but exceedingly interested in every detail of his daily life. This feeling he was able to impart in an astonishing degree to those who came under his direct influence.

Under the domination of this master mind Miss Field passed through the experience known as conversion and became a member of the First Church. Whatever else she may have gained from this spiritual experience, she certainly acquired an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God which continued with her all her life long, wherever she was or whatever she did; walking or talking, eating or sleeping, playing or praying, it was the same. This immediate presence of the deity was to her a loving presence; her feeling was one of unbounded confidence, of unfaltering faith, a perfect love that casteth out fear,—absolutely unafraid. Serene in her own integrity, she trusted her God. It was the nearest modern expression of the ancient Greek thought, “for the gods are everywhere,” that personally I have ever known. As to a father she came, as of a father she asked,

as from a father she received—all that life offered; and yet she never surrendered her own initiative. "I ask guidance and then I use my common sense," she says.

Upon Commencement day in August, 1856, a gentleman of Cleveland had business in Oberlin. After this business was completed, hearing that the Commencement Exercises of the Women's Department were going on at the First Church, he dropped in for a few minutes to hear the essays and look at the graduates. Becoming interested, he remained, observed carefully the young women as they appeared one after another and finally made mental note that the "little red-headed girl was the best of them all." Mrs. Johnston always insisted that the subject of her graduating essay was Trees, which certainly was not a topic of thrilling interest in those troublous times. So it must have been herself rather than her essay that fixed attention upon her. Within a week after Commencement this gentleman received a letter from a friend in Mossy Creek, Tennessee, stating that himself with several of his friends had felt the need of a good school for their daughters whom they were unwilling to send away from home, and that with this in view they had built a schoolhouse suitable for a Seminary and they wished a northern teacher. Could he recommend one to them? He thought immediately of the

young graduate whom he had selected as the best the week before, but she was from Oberlin and that doubtless would prove an insuperable objection. After thinking it over, he decided to put her into communication with the southern gentlemen at any rate, and see what came of it.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Field immediately after her daughter's graduation, married for her second husband Dr. Marshall Chamberlain, and at once removed with her children from Oberlin to Rochester, Ohio, where the doctor had a flourishing practice. Consequently when negotiations really began they were conducted from Rochester and not from Oberlin. Indeed, Miss Field was warned to say nothing about Oberlin, and only to the two gentlemen who were responsible for her engagement was it ever known in Tennessee that she was educated at Oberlin. So that in September, 1856, she went to Mossy Creek, Tennessee, to take charge of Black Oak Seminary, a school for girls. Mossy Creek lies on the Holston river which unites with the French Broad to form the Tennessee; and among the foot-hills of the Clinch Mountains, which is one of the local names for the Cumberland range as it passes from Virginia into Tennessee. Knoxville, the nearest town of size, is about twenty miles away as the bird flies.

There were many reasons why the south was attractive to our young neophyte. It was a milder

climate than she had hitherto known. Accustomed to the flat lands of northern Ohio the mountains were a surprise and a delight. A peculiar charm rests about the ranges of the Appalachians which is acknowledged by all who visit them. Then, too, she was warmly welcomed among a people whose hospitality has always been a marked personal characteristic. Her pupils were bright, attractive girls, coming from homes within a radius of five miles from the school, coming hither on foot, or on horseback, either alone or guarded by the faithful servitors of the family. She entered with zest into the social life of the neighborhood and, always a fearless horsewoman, galloped joyously for miles over the mountain roads to attend a merry-making.

There was, however, a reverse to the picture. She was face to face with slavery although in its least offensive form; the slaves were few in number and well treated. But the atmosphere was surcharged. The blacks indeed were the physical slaves but the whites were the slaves of fear. She herself never dared to write directly to Mr. James M. Johnston, the man whom she had promised to marry, or openly to receive a letter from him,—the entire correspondence passed through her mother's hands at Rochester,—because he was still at Oberlin and that name on her letter would cause suspicion and might mean danger.

TEACHING

The shadow of the coming war was creeping over the hill-tops and resting in the valleys. Night after night, a whistle from the road in front of the house where she lived, warned the men of the household, who went out, mounted their horses and rode away,—to return sometimes alone and sometimes with companions in the small hours of the morning. What they were really doing was organizing and drilling companies of militia for the conflict they felt sure was to come; what they told their women folk, in order to insure silence and non-interference, was that they were on the track of a great slave insurrection that needed careful handling, and no mention must ever be made of their movements, no inquiry about the signals, no question about the hours of return. The consequence was that wives and daughters lived in an atmosphere laden with mystery and apprehension. But youth is light-hearted, does not look for danger, and upon the whole those years spent in Tennessee were happy years. In recalling them Mrs. Johnston used to say that she had but one narrow escape. It seems that Mr. Johnston became impatient at the necessity of sending his letters by way of Rochester and without fully appreciating the danger wrote her directly from Oberlin, where he was still a student. Two or three such letters were received with a good deal of apprehension, but as nothing came of them Miss

Field felt that perhaps she had overrated the danger. She was rudely made aware of her mistake. Shortly after the arrival of the letters, at an evening party, where all the young people were together, a young man, the bully of the neighborhood, came up to her and waiting until there was a little quiet said in a most significant way, "Miss Field, do you know anything about Oberlin?" She said, that for the moment her heart stood still, she knew the postmark of her letters had been noted. But her presence of mind served her well, and quick as thought she decided what to do. She would understand his question as referring to Pastor Oberlin, the Swiss Evangelist, and not to a place. So she replied, "Oh, yes," and launched at once into an enthusiastic account of the man, his labors, his sacrifices, his successes,—until the whole company paused to listen. When she was through he dryly remarked, that was not what he wished, he was asking about a place, not a person. By this time she was ready and replied coolly and indifferently, "Yes, there is a little town of that name in northern Ohio; in fact, I have a friend who lives there." The matter was dropped, but that night word went north as rapidly as steam could take it to mail no more letters to her from Oberlin.

In illustration of the conditions the following incident, though unimportant, may be illuminating.

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One evening just at twilight, chancing to be alone in the garden, she became conscious that one of the aged slaves was at her side. He looked about to assure himself that no one was within hearing, and then said, "Miss Addie, won't you jes' show me the north star?"

"Oh! Uncle Ben, you don't want to know anything about the north star."

"That's true, Miss Addie, I'se too old, but I'd jes' like to know whar it is, so I could look at it."

But Miss Addie dared not show Uncle Ben the north star; to have done so would have aroused suspicion impossible to allay and Black Oak Seminary at Mossy Creek would have had another teacher.

Mrs. Johnston possessed one characteristic which always astonished those who knew her intimately: this was a certain timidity, a curious unwillingness to be alone in the dark. She always said that she was afraid of burglars. It was in vain to assure her that burglars were persons of discrimination, that what they wanted was money and jewelry, not books and pictures, and that as a matter of fact she might consider herself immune—all to no purpose. But when the long-awaited burglar at length arrived and found her absolutely unafraid, I pressed for another or at least an additional explanation. She then admitted that although really and honestly she was afraid of

burglars, and always had been, yet the peculiar feeling of apprehension in the dark went back to those three years in Tennessee, when she with the women of the household were nightly terrified by stories of a slave insurrection.

I suppose the latest psychology would say that although her conscious mind had virtually forgotten this experience, her sub-conscious mind ever remembered, and under the stimulus of darkness and loneliness its knowledge surged up into consciousness.

She taught three years at Mossy Creek and in August, 1859, Mr. Johnston went down to visit her, and the two returned to Rochester, her mother's home, and were married August 17th. After a brief honeymoon they went to Orwell, Ohio, and during the following year she assisted him by teaching in the Orwell Academy, of which he was principal. The scholarly aspirations of the young couple are interesting. He had already begun his studies for a second degree and she immediately began the study of Greek, intending that when he took his second degree she would take her first. But fate ordered otherwise.

The clearest recollection of Mrs. Johnston at this time has been given me by one who was too young to attend the Academy but who well remembers her as a vision of sweetness and light in the Sunday school. The childish brain was im-

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pressed by a slight golden-haired figure, dressed in white with beautiful blue ribbons; and such interest in childish wishes, such winning smiles, such an attractive personality had never before dawned upon that little one's horizon and had never been forgotten in all ensuing years.

It is an interesting coincidence that upon the day that I received the account of this early Sunday school, the evening mail brought me a paper from the Second Congregational Church of Oberlin, in which the Superintendent of the Sunday school refers to missing Mrs. Johnston from her accustomed place when the school opened. From 1859 to 1910 marks over fifty years of Sunday school interest and effort.

III.

DEATH OF MR. JOHNSTON. TEACHING AND STUDY.

TWO years and a half of happy teaching, two years and a half of happy life in the companionship of one whose memory never grew dim came to a sudden end.

It was the winter of 1862,—the Civil War had entered upon that stage which all men knew was a struggle for the nation's life. His friends and companions were already in the field, and Mr. Johnston felt that he could no longer stand idly waiting. He finished the academic fall term, resigned his position and prepared to go to the front as a soldier in the ranks. She, ready to do her part, was to go as nurse to a hospital not far from Harper's Ferry. Mr. Johnston regarded himself in perfect health, which was not the case; for a sudden cold developed complications from which he died January 13, 1862, after an illness of two weeks. Thus all her plans of life were changed, as it were in a moment, and she found herself widowed and alone at twenty-five.

The months immediately following her husband's death were sad ones. Her grief was uncontrollable and for a time she seemed utterly unable to gain possession of herself. As she re-

lated the story it seems, that one night, having given way to hopeless grief, she looked up and saw her husband standing beside her. He spoke to her, told her that she was wrong to waste her health and strength in unavailing sorrow for him, that there was much in the world for her to do and that she must do it for long years to come. Then he disappeared.

Mrs. Johnston was not psychic; she cared nothing for the occult; even the latest development of modern psychology interested her but little. Her thought moved along other lines and in different channels. Nevertheless, it was clear that she always regarded this experience as something more than a vivid dream. At any rate she was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and from that time forth began to readjust her life to its changed conditions.

The Connecticut people who settled northern Ohio brought the New England Academy with them, and at this time the Western Reserve was dotted over with excellent schools of that type. The war had taken from these schools their male principals and the teaching field was occupied by women.

We now find her in the autumn of 1862, at the age of twenty-five, well entered upon her new life as Principal of Kinsman Academy, which was situated in the little village of Kinsman, about fifty

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miles east of Cleveland. The equipment was a substantial building, a small endowment, and an efficient Board of Trustees. The faculty numbered herself and one assistant.

It happened that the Chairman of the Board of Trustees was Dr. Dudley Allen, the leading physician of the town.

Through the acquaintance thus brought about there resulted a friendship between Mrs. Johnston and Dr. Allen's family which, counting from the aged grandfather whose daily pleasure it was to come leaning upon his staff to walk home with her after school, to the children of later years who eagerly gathered at her side to hear the stories of travel and adventure, held in its loving grasp five generations and stands as a family tradition. Doctor Allen removed from Kinsman to Oberlin largely upon Mrs. Johnston's suggestion and entered upon a most successful practice there. The family name and professional reputation have been ably sustained by his son, Dr. Dudley P. Allen, the eminent surgeon of Cleveland.

Three years were spent in Kinsman and these three years seem to have been a formative and growing period of her life. Fortunately I possess a letter written by one who was a pupil at the time, which admirably gives the character and spirit of the school. The letter is in part as follows:

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"My husband and myself regret that after an interval of fifty years we have so little to tell. The memory of those school days when Mrs. Johnston was our teacher and friend has never lost its distinctness, but what recollections we have are fragmentary. She taught in Kinsman from 1862 to 1865, years of the Civil War. Mrs. Johnston always had a peculiar fondness for that school, and for its pupils, because it came into her life at a critical time. Her husband had been taken from her after a short happiness, and she was eager for work as a help in her sorrow. This she found in her school work in Kinsman, a town which has always been one of the most attractive of the Western Reserve, and noted for the stability and refinement of its good people. There were no public schools among us in those days, therefore through the interest and efforts of several prominent men of the town, teachers were procured from year to year to preside over "the Academy"—the name chosen to dignify the institution. Thus Kinsman became a sort of educational center for all the nearby towns. Students came alone, or in parties, sometimes hiring rooms and "boarding themselves" as it was termed, or residing among the people of the place. We had been blessed with some very good teaching and school management, so when it was announced that a young woman was to take the school with all its responsibility, Kinsman opened its eyes and wondered. Needless to say, unquestioned success followed; I can recall no instance of the slightest insubordination; she reigned supreme in that small realm, inspiring her students with the same magnetic enthusiasm which has been felt at Oberlin or wherever she has been placed as guide and teacher. She made us all feel that a good education was the thing in the world worth striving for, that it was the stepping stone to all that was good and great. No teacher that ever followed her had just

that power of making her pupils feel that life was something worth while, and that each individual could make his part in it worth while, too. The work of the teacher who can inspire this feeling lives. My indebtedness to her was great.

"We had beautiful times in the old Academy. We studied, recited, 'spoke pieces,' wrote and read 'compositions,' rehearsed dialogues, debated weighty questions, and edited in town a weekly school paper sentimentally called 'The Gleaner.' The walls resounded to her full, round, dramatic tones, as she drilled us in reading Poe's Raven, The Bells, and other stirring things which lent themselves to elocutionary effort. This was the time of the Civil War, and her influence was always on the side of patriotism, and love of country, also love of the slave, or she would have been no true daughter of Oberlin. Ten years after the close of her school at Kinsman her old pupils and friends held a memorable reunion and Mrs. Johnston was there with some of her associate teachers. We remember this as one of our happiest occasions.

"We have some of us met her often since those school days, since our gray hairs have proclaimed us more than children grown. Her greeting has always been a delight, her presence a benediction, and her love a blessing."

The memory of one incident still survives the drift of years. It appears that in 1863 a great interest in the temperance question arose in Kinsman. In the '50's and '60's the anti-slavery movement and the temperance movement went hand in hand, and whoever was zealous for one was also found working for the other. As we should expect, Mrs. Johnston became an ardent and efficient worker in the cause and pushed it especially among

the boys of the Academy. As a matter of fact she drew up a decidedly drastic pledge and herself with many of the pupils signed it. At first all went well, but finally it was discovered that there was no provision in this pledge for the use of wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Of course this was an oversight, but by the time it was discovered it could not be remedied, for a certain reactionary feeling had set in, and a group of boys had united under the leadership of two or three to hold to the strict letter of the pledge; and knowing that their teacher was profoundly religious-announced that if she drank wine at the Sacrament she would break her pledge. With the clearness of youthful logic they decided that they then would be at liberty to break theirs. This situation became known, and it was a serious question what to do. She advised with the pastor of the church, but the oracles were either dumb or indecisive and there was nothing to do but follow the dictates of common sense. For the once she allowed the cup to pass by, and the watching children soon forgot their logic and their plans.

This pledge was a life-long standard of conduct. Only once did it seem a burden and that was but momentary. In March, 1869, on her way to Europe, and having her first bout with the Atlantic ocean, the faithful diary records with pathetic persistence as follows:

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March 31. Sick.

April 1. Sick. Urged to drink wine.

April 2. Sick. Nothing is endurable except ice water. They all say I must not drink it. But this terrible thirst! I know full well why the sick man is represented as begging for one drop of water. Misery could not be better represented.

April 3. Sick. I do long for some of the wine which is so constantly offered me. I am so weak that I can but just get upon deck. But my pledge to the Kinsman school must not be broken.

April 4. In the forenoon ate a little, the first since Tuesday.

April 5. Still better. Up at an early hour upon deck. Went to the table at noon, only one other lady present. My temperance principles have triumphed and ice water is better than wine.

This simple human document speaks volumes for faithful steadiness of purpose and devotion to principle.

Notwithstanding the many times that Mrs. Johnston went to Europe and the long periods that she spent there, she never drank wine as a beverage. During her long service in the College she was an efficient worker among those who determined that there should be no saloons in Oberlin. As late as 1907 she was invited by the committee in charge during the struggle between the "wets" and the "drys" of Elyria, Ohio, under the local option laws

of the state, to address an open air meeting, which she did.

By the end of her third year at Kinsman, she had definitely dedicated her life to teaching, had discovered, as she often told me, that she would rather teach than do anything else in the world. At the same time she felt the need of more thorough preparation, so resigning her position as Principal of Kinsman Academy she went to Andover, Mass., and placed herself under the instruction and guidance of Dr. Samuel Taylor, of Phillips Academy, who was justly reputed one of the foremost Latin teachers of his time. Although she went to Andover primarily to obtain as much post-graduate normal work as conditions permitted, yet she allowed herself social opportunities and time for general study. We have a fragmentary diary of that year, and though the record is broken and imperfect it throws an interesting light upon her life.

We find that she studied closely and observed carefully, with the thought always in mind: "How is this effective teaching accomplished?" At the same time she made many acquaintances and friends. Those were not the days of athletics, yet she took fencing lessons and pitched quoits, recording with gratifying regularity that she "beat." Again and again her diary records the beauties of nature. From childhood she was especially sensi-

tive to the subtle changes of land and sky, and in all her travel she never failed to note the varying phases of atmospheric effects.

We find one March day this record:

"A glorious morning, walked to Prospect Hill before breakfast."

Again one May day:

"Dame Nature cleaned house last night and everything is fresh. If Heaven is more beautiful than this earth no wonder the angels are happy."

As an example of the simple natural life led in Andover, one day's record will suffice:

"Friday, April 7, 1865.—Walk before breakfast. This air is so bracing I feel young again and can hardly content myself to walk quietly. Pitched quoits and beat. In the afternoon Mr. H., Will, Maggie, Lottie, Emma and self took a walk to the pond, over the fields like children just let loose from school. We climbed hills, sat down and told stories. Had the 'Mock Orator,' Mr. H., speaking, and Will making the gestures. Sang by the water, skipped stones, tried the power of our voices, drank water from a shell, came home in the rain. Some of our party rode into town on a load of brush. Sheridan's victory. Packed my trunk for a trip to Boston."

Her first free day in Boston was spent as follows:

"Tuesday, April 11, 1865.—Called at Ticknor and Fields. Visited the wharf, went on board a steamer, saw a man-of-war and the salt water for the first time. Went

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to Bunker Hill. In the evening to Music Hall to hear a rehearsal of the Handel and Haydn Society for the grand concert soon to be given."

There were interesting conversations among that group of friends in Andover. The diary records discussions upon Foreign Missions, Prohibition, Card-Playing, etc. But not everything was serious—we read of a party where there was dancing and wine served, with the note, "I did not touch the wine."

Of course in her youth Mrs. Johnston shared the orthodox view of the period about card-playing, but the years brought tolerance though personally she never played cards. I often urged her to learn at least some of the simple games of solitaire as a resource against loneliness and a relief from over-study and tired eyes. But she always met me with the statement in triumphant tones, "There are a great many more interesting things to do than to play cards."

In the autumn of 1865 she accepted a position in the Academy at North Scituate, Rhode Island, in which she taught Latin and history and had charge of the girls. She remained here three years. Early in 1868 certain land which she had inherited from her husband came into market and from its sale she realized a sum sufficient to enable her to accomplish what had long been a dream, to travel in Europe and study in Germany. At the close of

the summer term of 1868 she gave up her position and, deciding to allow herself a home vacation, first made her way to Hillsdale, Michigan, where her mother was then living. Dr. Chamberlain had removed from Rochester to Hillsdale some years before, and had built up a fine practice. The family were greatly respected and Mrs. Johnston was warmly welcomed in the college circles of the town, for Hillsdale contained one of the small efficient colleges that were common forty years ago in the west. The college is still in existence and still does efficient work. This was really her first vacation. She enjoyed to the utmost the social life of which she was part; some of the students of those days still remember the brilliant and attractive woman who appeared for a brief period among them. Autumn had drifted into winter and winter was on its way to spring before she awakened to the fact that if she were going abroad it was time to start. So one morning she announced at the breakfast table that she should sail the next week. In those days it was not necessary to book one's passage weeks beforehand. Her mother had hoped against hope that she would not go, but when the decision was finally made, did everything in her power to help. Of that first visit abroad we fortunately have full and extended notes, and we find that these breathe the spirit of the time when a visit to Europe was a great event.

IV.

ACCOUNT OF FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE FROM THE DIARY OF 1869.

"Monday, March 15, 1869.—Left Hillsdale for Oberlin. Felt like a heathen when I bade mother good-bye. Reached Oberlin at 8 o'clock and found Dr. Allen waiting for me."

Here she remained several days, was entertained by Mrs. Dascomb and by President Fairchild; visited Cleveland, Chester, Rochester, and then went on to New York.

"S. S. Tuesday, March 30, 1869.—Left New York for Hamburg on the Steamer Westphalia, of the Hamburg and American Steam Packet Line, Captain N. F. Schwensen."

After a period of *mal de mer*, she regained her strength and is up on deck where she meets the continental Sunday for the first time.

"S. S. Sunday, April 11, 1869.—One would not think this the holy Sabbath. The hands are varnishing the vessel, mending woodwork which was broken yesterday, etc. None of the passengers seem to recognize the day, either, one lady is sewing, another talking nonsense. We are now in the North Sea, a beautiful day, sea calm. A little bird just alighted near me and turned up its little

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head as much as to say, 'Who are you?' then hopped into my lap and tried to say, 'I am not afraid,' then flew away. Saw a phantom ship this morning."

At this time there was a group of music students from Oberlin domiciled at Leipsic. They knew Mrs. Johnston was coming and had made arrangements that she should be met and cared for immediately upon her arrival. The success of this first visit abroad, which she made alone, was largely due to these Leipsic friends and the fact that they knew the country and could both advise and direct her.

"Monday, April 12, 1869.—Reached Hamburg at noon, a beautiful day. Went to hotel with friends, had dinner and a walk. In the park, music by the band and everybody danced. At six in the evening started for Leipsic, no trouble, cared for at every turn."

The diary notes:—the change of climate with flowers everywhere—visits to the Rosenthal—where the great Leipsic Fair is being held. It records that she is domiciled with Fraulein Von Steyer, 22 Konigstrasse, who has a school for girls—that she has taken her first German lesson. She studies daily—some days does nothing else—often goes to concerts which she finds most delightful—sees much of the Fair—takes long walks—notes that women work in the fields the same as men. Visits the cemetery and is impressed by the many wreaths

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of flowers upon the graves there, also that the poor people made their wreaths of paper. She goes to the American church; as a matter of fact it was her lifelong custom in traveling abroad, whenever she found herself in a city having an American church, to go to it. In this way she immediately came into touch with the resident Americans of the place. She visits a house in which Schiller lived for a few months in 1782. Is surprised at its small size and finds the sleeping room "very small." At the school she makes the acquaintance of a most agreeable Irish lady, Miss S., and the two make excursions together.

"Leipsic, Thursday, May 6, 1869.—Ascension Day and a holiday all over Germany. In the morning Miss S. and I went to Thomas Kirche and heard the music which was very good. We took a little basket of lunch and walked to the Leipsic battlefield. Saw the place where Napoleon stood and watched the movements of his army. There is a monument of marble on which is a bronze likeness of his saddle, hat, and sword. It was here he received his first repulse. Saw and heard many skylarks."

The next day she visits the Leipsic Museum for the first time; studies paintings and engravings. That evening a discussion about England, Germany, and America at her boarding-place results in this: "I went to my room and brought my flag." On Monday, May 10, she makes acquaint-

ance for the first time of the continental opera with all its accessories—"I very much doubt my going again," is her conclusion. Fortunately, she reconsiders so drastic a decision. One day she went to a church wedding and was greatly interested. The same evening she attended a musical entertainment given by the young ladies of the school which was followed by a lecture on the state of religion in Germany before the reformation, by one of the teachers.

It is evident that no detail of this continental life escapes her. The days in Leipsic are made up of study and long walks with visits to every interesting place within reach. She goes to Altenburg and visits the castle,—to the Jewish Synagogue, and notes the ceremonies so strange to her. All this time she never misses the phases of nature, the beautiful sunsets, the bright days, the birds, the flowers. She returns the kindly greetings of the peasants and enjoys the warm welcome which she evokes wherever she goes. Home letters are dear to her, she rejoices in them.

On Monday, May 17, she goes to Berlin to attend a Teachers' Convention, but finding the meeting overcrowded spends her time in visiting the city.

"Berlin, Tuesday, May 18, 1869.—Could not get near enough the stand to hear so we left and went to Charlottenburg and saw the tomb of Frederick William III.

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and Queen Louise. It is the most beautiful one I have yet seen. The statues are by Rauch, and considered his best work. To the figure of the Queen he said he gave his heart's blood. The Thiergarten is beautiful."

"Berlin, Thursday, May 20, 1869.—Took my Bae-decker and went to see the sights; Monument of Frederick the Great, the Palace and the Museums. Studied the frescoes in the portico, and the mural paintings on the walls of the New Museum done by Kaulbach. They are wonderful. Later I called upon a most delightful German lady and drank with her a cup of coffee. In the evening went to the opera."

"Berlin, Friday, May 21, 1869.—Went at an early hour to the old Museum and spent a long time in the picture gallery where I saw Italian, Spanish, and French schools. Returned very tired."

After the Museums and Picture Galleries she visited the Kindergarten Schools, the Babies' Homes, and the People's Kitchen. Of the Kitchen she records: "It is a place where poor people can obtain from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. a good dinner for a trifle. I ate and found the food very good."

On Sunday most of the party returned to Leipsic, but she remained because of her unwillingness to travel on that day. On Monday following she went to Potsdam, where she spent a most delightful day visiting San Souci. About to leave she writes:

"I am sitting on the wooded heights south of the city and giving it my last good-bye. At my right is the beautiful Havel flecked with white sails; beyond, the lofty dome of St. Nicholas, and the city; then the Pfingstberg crowned with the royal villa, and the tall spire of the Garrison church—to the left palaces and the windings of the Havel. I hear the chimes of the Garrison church."

The next forenoon was spent in sight-seeing—the object of greatest interest seems to have been the book which Luther used when translating the Bible into German. That evening found her back in Leipsic.

"Leipsic, Wednesday, May 26, 1869.—This evening attended a party given by Fraulein B. A strange sight, one hundred and twenty women and no men. They drank much wine, cheered, gave toasts and acted quite like men. I stayed until ten o'clock but the others remained until midnight. They raffled for various things, the money to be used for benevolent purposes."

She sees a good deal of German social life in Leipsic—goes to many dinners and evening parties—receives many calls and makes many—has begun to use her "poor German." She is also beginning to go to the Catholic churches; attracted by the architecture and pictures; finds the music good. She attends the birthday fete given to Fraulein Von Steyer by her pupils.

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"Leipsic, Monday, June 28, 1869.—This is Fraulein Von Steyer's birthday; she is sixty-five years old. It is a holiday. The school met at 9 o'clock in the large school-room. She was led in and seated in a chair garlanded with green leaves and flowers. The young ladies sang an original poem. The little girls laid a garland of flowers at her feet, at the same time repeating poetry. Then Fraulein went to see her presents in the adjoining room. They were mostly of a practical kind: a carpet for her room, a cover for the sofa, curtains, many bottles of wine, many pots of flowers and innumerable bouquets. The dinner was something out of the usual, we sat from 1:50 to 4:15."

On a rainy day she goes out to buy lace. On June 30, she packs her trunk and calls upon her friends to say "Good-bye" before leaving Leipsic for Dresden.

"Dresden, Thursday, July 1, 1869.—Reached Dresden this evening. Have a very pleasant boarding place, 42 Lange Strasse. Miss R. met me at the depot and brought me here. We took a short walk and then I went to bed, being very tired.

Her days at Dresden are full; she goes to the Historical rooms and spends hours over the collections there—studies German every morning but keeps the days for sight-seeing. July 4 is Sunday and she first goes to the Frauen Kirche, notes its seven galleries and its dome of iron and later makes her way to the American church where she meets some Andover people whom she knew. The

next day she drives with them and the conversation turning upon German customs: "We concluded it was possible for one to swear and not to swear." Evidently *Ach Gott!* had become so frequent in conversation that it must be conscientiously dealt with in some way.

"Dresden, Thursday, July 8, 1869.—Picture Gallery 11 A. M. in Hall H. before Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. Its ineffable sweetness! Have spent all the morning in the Gallery. Rubens' pictures are next to Raphael's, then Correggio's. Miss S. and I went to a restaurant on the banks of the river for dinner. Then to the office of the steamers and spoke for a passage to Wahlen tomorrow, then back to the Gallery. One could stay here always."

"Dresden, Friday, July 9, 1869.—Went with Miss S. to Saxon Switzerland,—had a most delightful ride on the Elbe. At Wahlen we were beset by guides who insisted upon going with us. We walked from place to place. The whole day was a series of pleasures. We came home in the evening."

All the time that could be spared was given to the Picture Gallery. She visited the Green Vault, the Zoological Garden, the Botanical Gardens, the famous Beech Plantation, called Holy Halls, and the ruins of an old castle. She went to Meissen and spent many hours in the porcelain factory. After a visit of two weeks she returned to Leipsic.

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She now arranges with two friends for a walking excursion through the Black Forest of Thuringia.

"Saturday, July 17, 1869.—Left Leipsic with Miss S. for Friedrichroda. Miss C. joined us at Gotha. A pleasant conversation with some English travelers upon America and England, the Alabama claims, etc. At Walterhausen our new hostess met us with a tumbledown carriage and pair. I called her General at once. She, indeed, looked like one as she sat on the box, her blue turban towering into the air, and her trumpet tones resounding as she gave her commands to the driver. The drive over the hills was beautiful. We found our home most unpromising on the outside, but within the clean floors, white curtains and spotless bed-linen more than satisfied us."

On Sunday she went to church, is much interested in the peasants' costumes, takes a walk and is ready for the coming week's adventures.

"Friedrichroda, Monday, July 19, 1869.—Immediately after coffee, with blocks of black bread and hard boiled eggs, we started on our exploring expedition among the hills. We found the paths lovely, often emerging into open glades and then again entering shaded places. We often rested by the way, and we ate our luncheon with a hearty relish. We visited Lintersbergen, a little village picturesque from a distance with its red tiled roofs and numerous trees. Had coffee in a garden. On the way home we found a wonderful echo and practiced our voices until we were tired."

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"Friedrichroda, Thursday, July 22, 1869.—Out at an early hour and all day until ten o'clock in the evening, visited Altenberg and Engelsbach. The latter is so called because an angel is said to have bathed in its waters. An old woman gave us to drink, saying, 'It is as good as wine.' The waters of the brook turn a mill called the Mill of Need, for when all the others are stopped for want of water this can always be relied on. Called upon the minister but he was not at home. Fires on the hills."

The days pass pleasantly and many excursions are made.

"Tuesday, July 27, 1869.—The tramps started for the Inselberg. Everybody said we could not find our way unless we took a guide; but we insisted on making the attempt. We left home at 10 in the morning, going by the Heubergs, two thousand feet high—then by the Brockderoder highway to Inselberg, reaching there at four o'clock. We hoped to see the summit, but were disappointed for the clouds gathered as usual and before dark it rained. We spent the night at the Mountain House."

"Mountain House, Wednesday, July 28, 1869.—This morning we took our coffee in the open and spent a delightful hour on the top of the mountain from which a wide and extensive view spread out. Then we started for home coming by the Thorstein, a wonderful natural bridge of porphyry, under which we passed and so down the valley along a little brook that dances over its porphyry bed. It was with a shout of delight that we entered our rooms once more and the General cordially welcomed us."

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Each day gives its own pleasure. One morning was spent in the depths of Marien Nohle, a mine of crystal spar; one day at Ubelberg; another at Schavenberg, a castle built in the tenth century and destroyed in the thirteenth because it became a stronghold of robber knights. When Sunday came, as it rained, she did not go to church but read a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher instead.

"Friedrichroda, Monday, August 2, 1869.—Dressed in peasant's clothes and walked through the village to the Daguerrean rooms. One old man working by the roadside said, 'Der liebe Gott was fur leuta haben wir hier.'"

Notwithstanding all the excursions a portion of each day is spent in study of German.

"Eisenach, Saturday, August 7, 1869.—We spent the entire morning in our rooms packing, settling accounts, etc. The General went with us to the stage and we left her sobbing like a child. Her love for me is truly inexplicable. We had a pleasant ride in the post to Walterhausen, then by horse rail to Frothstadt and by railway to Eisenach. We reached here just before dark, not knowing where we were to spend the night. But Providence directed us to a pleasant house in a large garden, where we took rooms for three days. A lady who was looking from a window and whom we asked to direct us, walked some distance through the town to show us the place. Such is German politeness."

"Eisenach, Sunday, August 8, 1869.—Went to the old church where Luther used to preach and heard a very

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good sermon. The minister read the names of those who were to be married during the coming week and prayed for a blessing; a list of the deaths and prayed for the living; of the births and prayed for the little ones. After service we studied the paintings and frescoes, of which there were many."

"Eisenach, Monday, August 9, 1869.—It rained this morning but we must see the Wartburg, so at an early hour we set out. We were taken by a guide through the armory, the banqueting hall decorated with frescoes all relating to the history of the castle, the chapel where Luther preached, and Luther's room where he translated the Bible. Not being satisfied we then called upon the House Frau. She took us through the entire castle, to the rooms of St. Elizabeth, the hunting room, the kitchen and finally to the rooms of the Duke and his wife, also to those of their three daughters."

The little party of three were about to separate, each to go her chosen way. A friend had said to Mrs. Johnston as she was leaving America, "Do not return until you have seen my early home in the dear Odenwald, the land of romance and of ruins." So while Miss S. returned to Leipsic and Miss C. to Gotha, Mrs. Johnston made her way to Schmalmuhle in Frankish Crumbach to the farm of Frau Bauer.

"Tuesday, August 10, 1869.—We closed our last evening by a supper in honor of Miss C.'s birthday and of our separation. I left Eisenach this morning at 6 o'clock for Odenwald. Oh! the history of this day! The stage

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ride to Brensbach, the extra to Frau Bauer's will be enough to drive away the most despairing blues whenever I think of them in after years. The kindly reception at Frau Bauer's made me forget all my troubles."

"Schmalmuhle, Thursday, August 12, 1869.—Wilhelm Bauer went with me to visit Erbacher Schloss. The Rittersaal interested me. There I saw the armor of Gustav Adolph of Sweden, also many other relics of the olden time. Had dinner at the Gasthaus, then went to see some iron works. The day was full of interest. Wilhelm Bauer is a young man of great possibilities, but life here offers so few probabilities. We returned to the mill at dusk.

"Schmalmuhle, Saturday, August 14, 1869.—Visited the stables and saw the cows and horses. This farm is a little town by itself, everything made and I should think nearly everything consumed here. It has the elements of a beautiful country home. Under my window runs the water that would make a lovely fountain where the barnyard now is."

"Schmalmuhle, Sunday, August 15, 1869.—There is no Sabbath here. The mill goes as usual. The servants have put on clean clothes, and that is the only sign of the first day of the week, unless the fact that the house maids after dinner have the time to sew for themselves. God is not in the thoughts of any one here as I can see, except when they use his name as an expletive."

"Schmalmuhle, Monday, August 16, 1869.—This is the great day of preparation for the Kirchweihe. I have little idea of what it is, but suspect it is something like our Thanksgiving."

We fortunately have an account of this festival which Mrs. Johnston wrote at the time for *The Morning Star* :

"I was just in time to see the preparations for and witness the Kirchweihe. This was originally a fast day, appointed by the church, but at the introduction of Protestantism, when changes were rife, this was converted into a feast day, or rather feast days, reserving only its early name, which in itself contains a whole volume of history. It is not celebrated simultaneously throughout the province, but each town and village with the surrounding country, has its chosen and well established days.

"I was told soon after reaching Frankish Crumbach, that the Kirchweihe would be on the following week, and supposing it was what its name indicated, a church consecration, I looked forward to one of our fast days; but it must be confessed with no little curiosity, wondering how it would be kept in a land 'flowing with milk (wine) and honey,' and where creature comforts are so highly prized.

"But the air of general preparation, the bustling of the maids, the energetic orders of our good housewife, and finally the arrival of a professional baker from the great town, dispelled my doubts and awakened my keenest interest. That baker, tall, thin and blanched with flour and shade, had still an air of importance which announced his ancestral descent from a long line of bakers, who had each come through a series of years, one after the other, on the same day of the month as that on which he came, to the same house, to prepare for the same feast. The great dining room was appropriated to his use, tables were covered with baskets of eggs, rolls of butter, jars of sugar and mysterious packages of spices. The fire burned and

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crackled in the wide mouthed oven and in one day 160 lbs. of flour came out of that oven in plump nicely browned loaves of bread, and 140 lbs. in tempting cakes of all kinds. Loaf cake and cheese cake,—little cakes and cakes four feet square,—thin cakes and thick cakes,—cakes with smooth edges and cakes with scalloped edges; and our hero's work was not done until these had been all carefully inspected, and he had assured himself that not one had fallen, not one had been burned. Then with his pay in hard silver rattling in his pocket, he drank the health of the family, wished us 'a pleasant and cloudless morning,' and returned home. But these were not the only preparations; for not only was the fatted calf killed, but the fatted pig and the fatted cow; and such quantities of vegetables were gathered from garden and field as would have rejoiced the heart of any Grahamite.

"The morning was cloudless. At the first peep of light the market wagon was brought to the door; great baskets of nicely cut cake were placed in it, and a servant drove off at a moderate trot. He stopped at all the houses of the family relatives and particular friends within an area of some miles, presented his mistress's greetings and a piece of cake. This was the invitation to the Kirchweihe dinner. It mattered not that it came late. Everybody knew it was coming, everybody had prepared for it days before, and—everybody came. Motherly old ladies, with their little black caps rising like crests over their heads, courteous gray-haired gentlemen, who were living examples of how to grow old comfortably, middle-aged people with their healthy looking children, brides and bridegrooms, who had sent out their engagement cards in time for the Kirchweihe, and now received the congratulations of their friends as freely as if the wedding, which was perhaps months in the future, had really been celebrated; maidens with large willow baskets, in which lay

the white muslins and blue ribbons for the evening dance, and strong, stalwart young men, whose broad shoulders and luxuriant heads gave promise of great physical strength.

"If you think I am going to attempt a description of that dinner you are mistaken; for my German friends, whose early memories would do far more for them than my clumsy pen, would say I had failed to do it justice, and those who had no such memories would say I had exaggerated. In the evening, all, young and old, walked through the fields to the nearest inn. There they met similar companies from neighboring houses. A good band was in waiting, and soon the younger people were moving in the mystic dance, while, in adjoining rooms, their elders, between the draining of glasses, renewed old friendships, made new acquaintances and talked over the subjects which most interested them. There was the schoolmaster, the village doctor and his matronly wife, and the burgomaster with his important and self-satisfied air. The minister did not, on this particular occasion, dignify the scene, but I was told 'he had been known to do so.' Every one had, seemingly, left care and anxiety behind him, and the hours, light-winged, went by unheeded.

"The second day was more exclusively a family meeting, and was much more quietly observed. It was nearly a week before all had returned to their homes, and we had settled down into every day life again."

"Schmalmuhle, Monday, August 30, 1869.—Packed my trunk for Switzerland. A letter from Miss C. suddenly determined me to leave Odenwald and go with her to Lausanne. It seems to be my only hope of seeing the Alps this summer and although I am not ready to leave Crumbach I must go some time. In the evening helped prepare beans for the morrow's soup and went to bed

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thinking I was hearing the water under my window for the last time."

"Tuesday, August 31, 1869.—This morning at 8 o'clock I bade Frau Bauer and Wilhelm good-bye, while George prepared the great wagon for me. I sat mounted on a pile of flour bags and felt enthroned. In this way I rode to Brensbach, then by stage to Darmstadt and on by railway to Frankfurt. Called upon the consul and at the bank; then walked through several streets and at dark to the depot where I met a friend, a German lady who is going with me."

"Monday, September 1, 1869.—At 6 o'clock this morning we reached Basel. For breakfast had coffee, bread and butter, and honey. From Basel the way becomes mountainous and increases in beauty. I have hardly been able to realize that I am actually among the mountains of Switzerland: that my childish dreams are realized. The Alps! The everlasting Alps! Spent the night at the Hotel du Nord."

"Lausanne, Thursday, September 2, 1869.—This morning my friend and I went out to see the city, visited the Cathedral, went up a high hill which overlooked the town and lake. When we returned found Miss C. with an invitation from Mont Charmont to dine. I went, was charmed, and engaged board when we return from Chamounix. In the afternoon we took steamer for Geneva. No words can express the beauty of the scene on the Lake. Stopped at Hotel du Mt. Blanc."

"Friday, September 3, 1869.—Early this morning took stage for Chamounix. It is a decided sensation when the great ark drawn by six horses starts, little boys, big boys,

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and innumerable dogs run to see. The journey occupies the whole day and is to the novice a new sensation. At St. Martin one catches the first view of Mt. Blanc."

"Saturday, September 4, 1869.—I can do nothing but give a statistical account of this day. The entire day has been a sensation to be experienced once in a life time. 1st. With mule ascended Mount Auyert. 2nd. Walked across the Mer de Glace. 3d. Ascent of the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau. 4th. By mule to the valley below. 5th. Ascended the Felegere from which we had a fine view of Mt. Blanc. 6th. Down and along the valley of Chamounix."

"Sunday, September 5, 1869.—This morning I had a difficult time trying to convince my German friend that not superstition but conscience prevented my travelling on the Sabbath. I succeeded but poorly and found afterwards that I had gained little; for when afterwards she asked me to walk and I was glad to do this to escape the noise and confusion of our hotel, I found she had engaged a guide for the excursion to Glacier de Bois. We return to Geneva tomorrow, feeling that our stay in Chamounix has been most fortunate as to weather."

"Geneva, Tuesday, September 7, 1869.—Visited many places of interest in Geneva: the Cathedral,—model of Mont Blanc—Picture Gallery—Public Garden. In the afternoon took the steamer for Lausanne. Had a most interesting conversation with an Englishman from London. He said had Reverdy Johnson been wiser the Alabama matter would have been settled long ago."

"Lausanne, Wednesday, September 8, 1869.—If there is any earthly Paradise more beautiful than the one into

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which fortune has led me I have no wish to see it. Mont Charmont, my present home, is all that its name indicates and the view from my window lacks nothing. The beautiful lake with the Jura on one side and the Alps on the other, the village below and villas on either side—What more? Something more was given, a letter from home.”

“Lausanne, Thursday, September 9, 1869.—The sunrise this morning!! The moonlight this evening!!”

The next day she goes to Chillon and visits the castle made memorable by Byron’s poem. Another day she takes a walk alone and loses her way. On Sunday spends the time reading. Studies German every day and speaks it whenever opportunity offers. Meets an interesting German family with whose members she and Miss C. make pleasant excursions. Records a five hours’ walk for one day.

“Lausanne, Thursday, September 16, 1869.—At 7 A. M. Miss C. and I walked to Ouche, took the steamer for Evian. Spent the entire day in exploring the country about the town, climbed some mountains and had many fine views of others. The day was perfect, hardly a cloud and not a hot sun. Gathered mosses and flowers. Ate our dinner far above the town on an overlooking hill.”

“Lausanne, Sunday, September 19, 1869.—Went first to the German church that was too full and as usual all the windows closed, so I left. Then went to the Ca-

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thedral; afterwards to the Free Church where the services were in French."

"Lausanne, Tuesday, September 28, 1869.—Went early this morning to attend the examinations of the Ecole Superieure. Heard the first class in History and the third in English; the first was very good, the other very poor. In the afternoon took a long walk with Baron von C. and his daughter."

"Lausanne, Thursday, September 30, 1869.—Studied all the morning. In the evening Madame had a small party. The artist, Herr K., and his wife were the most interesting people present. We had for supper cold meat, salad, fried potatoes, plum pie, cake, cheese, and tea. After supper, there was music, charades, dancing, and reading. The company left at 11 o'clock."

"Lausanne, Sunday, October 3, 1869.—Went to the German Church—not so full as last week—I understood more of the sermon than ever before."

"Lausanne, Friday, October 8, 1869.—This afternoon Miss C., Herr von C. and myself started for the vineyards to see how wine is made. 1st. The grapes are crushed in a mill. 2nd. They are pressed for twelve hours. The wine at first looks thick and muddy. In a few hours it settles and it is then clear. In two months it has fermented but is not very good under one year, better after two. Enjoyed seeing the men and women among the vines. Came home by way of Ouche. Saw the hotel where Byron wrote Chillon."

"Lausanne, Sunday, October 10, 1869.—Attended the Catholic church this morning with Madame. The house was very full, there was the best of attention and most profound solemnity.

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"All this afternoon a band of music has been playing in a neighboring garden and the people are dancing—and this will continue far into the night. No Sabbath in Switzerland either."

"Lausanne, Thursday, October 14, 1869.—Went with the Baron's family to a small party at Herr K.'s, the artist whom I met before. It was a delightful company. The house is filled with paintings and the entire time was given to looking at them and listening to Herr K. as he discoursed upon art. The supper was everything that is possible in French cookery."

"Lausanne, Monday, October 11, 1869.—Received a call from Madame K. and an invitation to a tea-party on Thursday evening. Herr K. is the best artist in Lausanne. I went with Madame to the fields where he was painting autumn foliage. Found in my room upon returning a bouquet of roses in June perfection."

"Lausanne, Sunday, October 17, 1869.—Just what I wanted. The mountains are covered with snow. A strange sight, for the valleys are green and the gardens full of roses. I saw strawberries in market yesterday and here on three sides of us are walls of snow. The coming out of the sun gave a most brilliant effect. I am sorry to leave all this beauty."

"Lausanne, Monday, October 18, 1869.—Spent the morning packing my trunk, paying my bills, etc. In the afternoon went into the town with Madame. Had a merry time at supper over my anticipated meeting with Lieut. von C., who is to meet me at Carlsruhe. I have been trying to fix indelibly the outlines of this landscape as seen from my window. It is past all imagination."

Leaving, with regret, Mont Charmont, and the little circle of friends made there, she journeys to Freiburg to hear the great organ. As it chanced not to be played that day, she went on to Berne. The next morning continues her journey to Heidelberg which she reached in time to visit the castle, but rain prevented.

"Thursday, October 21, 1869.—This morning early I started out. The town was gloomy with fog, the streets were muddy and on the whole the day was not promising, but I made my way to the old castle. It was early and the grounds were deserted; following a path it brought me out upon a terrace but it was so foggy that the town, the Neckar and the principal part of the ruins were hidden. I stood and waited. The clouds broke, the sun shone, the mists swept upward and a few moments afterward some one said, 'I am not mistaken, you speak English?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Are you from America?' 'Yes.' The speaker was an elderly gentleman from New York travelling for his health and on his way to Egypt for the opening of the Suez Canal. We went together through the Castle, under it and around it; climbed the hill back of it and had a fine view through the government's field glass. At 5 o'clock took cars for Frankfort. In the depot met a lady and gentleman from Boston with their grandson. We were together in the compartment. The grandson was a bright, attractive boy of 14. I reached Frankfort after dark and had a most miserable time finding Herr G.'s. The driver was drunk, I think, any way he did not know where he was going and we got off the right way. I asked a man to direct us and he was very kind, blessings on him!"

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"Frankfort, Monday, October 25, 1869.—Took my first German lesson of Fraulein Matilda. The pleasant family in which I am domesticated consists of father, mother, three daughters, all out of school, and two sons in the High School."

"Frankfort, Saturday, October 30, 1869.—Called with Matilda on her Aunt, Madame W.; while there, there was a slight earthquake, the first I ever felt and I hope it will prove the last. It was like the motion of a vessel when a great wave passes under it."

"Frankfort, Thursday, November 4, 1869.—Went with Miss G. to a tea party. Met four ladies, the time passed pleasantly and I have other invitations."

"Frankfort, Friday, November 5, 1869.—No getting out—rain, rain—mud, mud. There was a little break at 8 o'clock this morning and the sun shone. We were all in transports, but in half an hour it was raining. I have studied all day."

"Frankfort, Thursday, November 11, 1869.—Took my first French lesson of Monsieur R. He is a timid man but very learned. He has had a very sad life as I have learned, lost all of his children but one, he had thirteen, and for some reason which I do not understand has also lost his position as a minister."

"Frankfort, Friday, November 12, 1869.—Had a long walk through the city. This afternoon Fraulein W. came to take her first English lesson. Tomorrow I am invited there to coffee. The mother is a Creole born in South America. The father was a brother of Frau G."

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"Frankfort, Sunday, November 21, 1869.—This is Herr G.'s birthday. He is 70 years old but young and active as most men at 60. In the evening relations came. There were music, games, dancing, and much joy. I had to make clear that I did not drink wine, which they could not understand."

At this point the diary abruptly closes; there are no more entries for 1869. No diary for 1870 has come to light, if one were written it has either been destroyed or mislaid. We know, however, that she spent the winter of 1869-70 in Frankfort, remaining there until the last of April studying German and French with constancy and devotion and entering into the social life about her. She found time to study the characteristics and history of the great city in which she was. We possess letters written to *The Morning Star* from Frankfort which show how the historic city took hold of her imagination. Written under the date of March 30, 1870, we read the following:

"Just when the Old Free City was founded, historians are not able to say for the date lies buried in the uncertainties of the early centuries, and he who searches among the old records will find little to repay him before he reaches the reign of Charlemagne. At the close of the VIII. and beginning of the IX. century, we find the city coming into importance and assuming its present name.

"A traveler lingers gladly in Frankfort, because here he finds so much to assist his imagination and help him to form a clear idea of the lives of those who long ago

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played their part in the great tragedy which still goes on. In his school days he learned that certain Emperors at certain times were crowned at Frankfort-on-the-Main; as he grew older, he came to know more of their reigns, and the leading events of their times; but there was a dimness about the picture, and dates and characters would confound themselves. Now he enters the old Kaiser Saal itself, and the life-size portraits of those Emperors look down upon him, as they looked from their throne upon the princes who surrounded them upon their coronation day.

"In earlier times it was customary for these princes to retire to some place without the city walls and by acclamation decide who should rule over the united provinces. The result was proclaimed with loud clashing of arms, and the fortunate one was borne into the city upon a shield amid the rejoicings of the people; but later this election was held with great ceremony in a room in this building, and a few days later, Frankfort was filled with strangers, who came from all parts of the country to witness the imposing spectacle of the coronation.

"From these windows a traveler can easily picture the events as they actually happened on those great days. Let us beg the privilege of looking with him. Here, in the market place, assembled at an early hour the expectant crowd. The windows of these surrounding houses were bright with gaily dressed ladies in wide ruffles and powdered hair. Tradition still points out the balconied window, from which Maria Theresa looked down on the day of her husband's coronation. To the right stood the roughly constructed kitchen where upon a huge spit a whole ox was roasting. A little further on was the great pile of oats for the royal stables. Almost in front of us was the wine fountain; if the new sovereign happened to be Austrian, Bacchus assumed the

form of a double-headed eagle, and poured from one bill, white wine, and from the other, red.

"A straight line drawn from us across the square, a little to the left, would lead into a narrow street, and, following with our eye a little farther in the same direction we see the lofty dome of St. Bartholomew. At a given time, under the joyful ringing of all the city bells, the long procession of richly caparisoned horses, with their still more richly attired riders, passed slowly from the imperial palace, across this market, and entered that street on its way to the Cathedral. In the midst of this train was the Emperor-elect.

"No sooner had all this splendor passed, than preparations were made for its return. A raised platform was quickly laid from the Cathedral to the main entrance of this building, and the whole length covered with tapestry; for, after the innumerable ceremonies of the crowning, the newly anointed ruler walked to this hall where the great banquet was held. Before him came the bishops, who had just laid upon him their holy hands, and following him was the proudest blood of the united provinces. Upon his head rested the old crown of Charlemagne, in his right hand he held the scepter, and in his left the imperial globe, while over him, supported by the chief officers of the city, was a gold embroidered canopy. As the Emperor and his attendants entered this building, the real hilarity of the day began. Everything that could serve as a souvenir was seized; the tapestry was quickly torn into small pieces, every one striving to obtain a fragment; the kitchen after the royal table had been served was demolished, and the boards cut and broken for the same purpose. In the midst of this the Emperor appeared upon the balcony and was greeted with repeated and deafening shouts; at the same time his treasurer rode into the crowd, bearing a leathern bag filled with new

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coin. This he threw, now right, now left, over the heads of the people who sprang into the air to catch the silver rain, or struggled after it as it fell upon the pavement. The excitement rose to the highest when, at last, he threw the bag itself, and he who bore it off in triumph was called the fortunate man of the day."

In another letter she gives us a view of her own feelings :

"These queer old cities with their narrow streets and over-hanging houses, the associations which cluster around the former homes of those whose names for centuries have been household words, the old Cathedrals through whose long dim aisles one listens to hear the echoes of the past,—the picture galleries, rich treasure houses of great men's holiest thoughts,—all these impress the American, fresh from the practical, moving, hurrying life of the nineteenth century, as something belonging to other times and another existence. Nor is this all; he is soon conscious of a great change in himself. He has previously conjugated all his thoughts in the future tense; now he finds them naturally falling into the past. He has been accustomed to ask of the events and possibilities of the present, what will be; now, he as eagerly questions what has been? His eye has only been trained to catch, through the opening future, the first sign of coming events; now he turns to look backward, striving to trace that heroic path of progress which humanity has made through the buried ages."

We may perhaps consider at this point in view of what the future held in store for Mrs. Johnston how fortunate it was that her foreign travel and

study began in Germany,—that the Oberlin trained Puritan met first of all the German. It is evident that there was plentiful lack of comprehension upon both sides, but there was no want of tolerance upon either side; and toleration is a finer thing than comprehension, for one is character and the other intellect. It becomes apparent, the moment that she sets foot upon foreign soil, that she has come to her own. The Past fascinates her, and she finds herself in a region filled with the remains and records of an earlier civilization; the whole bathed in an atmosphere of romance which has come down to us through the stories of the Niebelungen Lied and the legends of Thuringia.

We recall her dream of studying Greek—her year at Andover to perfect her Latin—her visit to Germany was expressly to study German—but it is clear to us, even if she herself failed to recognize the fact, that not language but History,—the record of the human race in action,—is to be her supreme interest and with it the accompanying arts of Painting and Architecture. Her eager spirit seizes and assimilates all that comes in her way. Here begins the development of that “incomparable historical imagination” which was the delight and inspiration of so many generations of college students.

Leaving Frankfort in early spring she went to Paris. It was her fortune to see that brilliant city

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in the last weeks of its most brilliant period, the close of the Second Empire. The Franco-Prussian war broke out in July, 1870, but in May there was no *menace* apparent upon its walls or feared by its pleasure loving people. What revolutionary spirit there might be was too far beneath the surface for a casual visitor to note. From Paris she crossed the channel into England and in London was again enthralled by the spirit of the past. Finally she made her way north to Edinburgh and after a week's stay went to Glasgow from which port she sailed on the Anchor Line for New York, arriving late in July. She had just time to make a brief home visit before coming to Oberlin to attend the Commencement exercises of early August, 1870. She was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Allen, and during that visit was offered and accepted the position of Principal of the Women's Department of the College.



MRS. JOHNSTON IN 1870.

V.

PRINCIPAL OF WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT OF OBERLIN COLLEGE. OBERLIN IN 1870.

To understand the forces that were at work to mold her character and react upon her temperament, it is necessary to get a view of Oberlin as it really was at this period. Much of the storm and stress of the earlier time had passed, the war was over and so the slavery question was no longer vital and the theological differences had largely spent their strength.

The writer was a student in Oberlin during the years of 1867 to '70. Entering the class of '70 in its sophomore year, coming with very little knowledge of the history of the College and with absolutely no prejudice either for or against, I think my recollections of the period are substantially accurate.

The religious life of the College was strenuous. The students were required to attend two services on Sunday, one must be in the morning, the other might be afternoon or evening. I soon discovered that good form required attendance upon a Sunday Afternoon prayer-meeting. There was a Young People's meeting sometime during the week, also a class prayer-meeting. Experience of the Thursday

lecture proved that notwithstanding its secular name it was only a sermon. There were morning prayers after breakfast and chapel at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. To be absent from either was rank disobedience. Every class recitation was opened either by prayer or a hymn, and it goes without saying that every meal began with its appropriate blessing.

Here was a community bathed in an atmosphere of prayer, the counterpart of which could be found only in congregations living under the rules of St. Francis or St. Benedict. To a stranger the situation was interesting and—astonishing. However, a few weeks of residence made it perfectly clear that College and colony alike were dominated by the commanding personality of Mr. Charles G. Finney. Mr. Finney was President for a term of fourteen years, from 1851 to 1865. I afterward learned that the Thursday lecture and the opening prayer at recitation were his personal contribution to the regulations of the College.

Along with this intense religious life ran a clear stream of scholarly activity. There was good classical and mathematical teaching. The philosophy and the science were those of the time but they were taught by professors who were open-eyed and liberal-minded. Indeed, I have a very clear recollection of an invitation to all the students to attend a lecture given by one of the professors,

which should reconcile the teachings of Genesis with the doctrines of evolution. Having no personal controversy with either Moses or Darwin I did not go, but many went and were greatly edified and comforted thereby.

In so intensely religious an atmosphere dancing and card playing were of course taboo. The minor games, such as backgammon and dominoes, were not considered wrong as I recall but they were not greatly played. Baseball and croquet were the outdoor games. Skating was a favorite winter sport for both men and women.

But the intellectual life was active; scholarship was respected; the Literary Societies flourished; the events of the outside world were known and discussed.

The rules which regulated the conduct of college students, men or women, forty years ago are rather curious reading today. But as I look over the latest draft of the requirements of a Student's Government Committee of a neighboring Woman's College I note:—a ten o'clock rule which requires that the building shall be quiet after that hour—a request that the door card indicating that the inmate of the room wishes to be undisturbed shall be respected—an absolute insistence upon the services of a chaperon for festive occasions—and a general understanding that the conventions of society shall be observed. Those early rules were a

primitive statement of elementary principles of conduct, and much that seems drastic and severe largely grew out of the necessity of meeting so much hostile criticism of the new conditions that the authorities dared not take risks which today are considered negligible.

The attitude of the College toward women was not only fair but generous. Although there was a course especially designed for them, yet if any wished to pursue the course which led to a degree they were welcome to do so. I do not think they were discriminated against either in the class-room or in the college life. And yet, with so much that was not only equal but better than was offered elsewhere, there ran an archaic thread of repression, a view so naïve and curious that it is difficult now even to state it seriously. In its primitive form it held as highly improper that a woman should address an audience in which there were men, "mixed audiences" was the technical term. At first the young women's essays were read by the professors because of these "mixed audiences." In time this view was modified so as to permit a young woman to read an essay if her eyes were upon the paper, but it was highly improper to read the same essay if she looked off and faced her audience.

So far as I know this was an unwritten law but a very real one, for it survived the war, notwithstanding the magnificent services of Anna Dickin-

son, Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe and others of the Sanitary Commission. Lucy Stone came upon it in 1847 as she relates in her memoirs. I met it in 1870, and Mrs. Johnston met it in 1873 and mastered it, which was more than any of the rest of us had been able to do. As I shall not refer to this again, I think I may here relate the story as Mrs. Johnston told it to me many years afterwards.

It seems that at this time she usually spent a part of her summer vacation at her mother's home in Hillsdale, and it happened one Sunday morning that she went to the Sunday school of one of the principal churches in town. The Superintendent cordially welcomed her, and then without asking permission, indeed, without saying anything whatever to her, announced to the school that he hoped the lessons would be recited promptly as Mrs. Johnston of Oberlin was present and would address them. At this she became panic-stricken; here was a "mixed audience" which she was invited to address, and should she do so it might be at the cost of her position in Oberlin. As the lessons were still going on there was time to think. "I saw but one way possible," she said, "and that was to run." So she watched the Superintendent and when he was elsewhere engaged, she quietly slipped out of the door and fled. "When he was ready to introduce me I was a mile away by a

brook in the fields." Obviously, she did not return for the sermon. Indeed, she found herself that morning with plenty of time for meditation and she meditated. The result came later.

The following autumn after the College term opened, she went one day to see President Fairchild at his office. She related her absurd and humiliating experience and enquired what was to be the future policy of the College. The President was greatly amused and in that quiet way, which those who knew him still recall as a personal charm, said that his observation and experience had convinced him that most women knew a great many things that it would do men good not only to hear but to heed, and so far as he could speak for the College any woman who had anything to say and could find anybody to listen was at liberty to say it;—and so this wraith of the past was laid to rest.

At the following Commencement in August, 1874, one senior upon request received permission to present her theme as an oration. The Faculty acquiesced but not all approved. The disapproving members found their protest ably voiced by Professor Judson Smith of the Theological Seminary, at a Thursday lecture. But these gentlemen failed to comprehend that their disapproval to be effective should have been registered long before,—on the day in fact when woman first be-

gan to learn the alphabet. As nothing dreadful apparently resulted from the innovation, the time soon came when a young woman presented her theme in the form of oration or essay as her taste and inclination dictated.

Of the early fathers Mr. Finney, Professors Morgan, Allen and Dascomb were still in active service, but the burden of administration and of teaching was shifting to younger shoulders. James H. Fairchild was President, having succeeded Mr. Finney in 1866. It is difficult fitly to characterize President Fairchild, he was *sui generis*. Born on a farm of Lorain County, Ohio, trained and educated in Oberlin during its early tempestuous career, he knew Oberlin life and society and no other, yet he developed into a finished man of the world as well as a saint of Oberlin. His influence over young men was marvelous; he was so true, so strong, so noble, so generous. He never responded with a false note; he always rung true.

The theory that a college president is a man whose chief business it is to raise money and represent the college to the outside world was at this time just beginning to appear in New England. It is a theory that has run its course in practice and may be said to be now thoroughly discredited. It is a theory that Oberlin never accepted; the history of her college presidents, from Asa Mahan to Henry Churchill King, shows this conclusively.

She has ever had a higher use for her great men. She has ever demanded that their best service should be in the realm of the spirit.

The position of Principal of the Women's Department was at this time filled by Mrs. Marianne P. Dascomb, who was just closing a most acceptable service of twenty years. This position was almost contemporary with the Presidency, and to a certain extent co-ordinate. In February, 1836, the Trustees, somewhat appalled, it is said, by the numbers of young women coming to the College and feeling their own inadequacy to the management of the Department, created a body called the Ladies Board of Managers, with "power to regulate and control the internal affairs of the Female Department agreeable to a code of by-laws to be recommended by them and recognized by this Board." The authority of this secondary Board was complete, and so far as I know was never questioned; its executive officer was the Principal of the Department. The position was really, so far as the women of the institution were concerned, that of Registrar, Dean, and President combined. It was a place created to meet unknown and untried conditions, an outcome of the times, and clearly one of tremendous responsibility.

Into this position Mrs. Johnston was placed by the vote of the Trustees in August, 1870, upon the

recommendation of a committee of the Faculty. When Mrs. Dascomb resigned, she was asked by this committee if she had anyone to recommend for the place. She replied, "Yes, Mrs. Adelia A. F. Johnston, who is now returning from Europe, having spent two years in travel and study." When the position was offered, Mrs. Johnston was unwilling to accept unless she should be permitted to teach.

Without at all attempting to speak for others, for herself she felt that teaching was a necessity. For her it was the corrective to the narrowing tendencies of a position wholly administrative. Faculty and friends endeavored to dissuade her, but to no purpose; if she were permitted to teach she would accept, otherwise she would not,—and permission was granted. So in addition to being Registrar and Dean she was also an Instructor. Such a position was possible only in pioneer times and in a small college but even then it could be filled acceptably only by one possessing rare and unusual qualities of mind and heart. Whoever entered upon that service had need of courage, wisdom, and intellectual vigor.

In September, 1870, she entered upon the active administration of the duties of her position, at the age of 33, the youngest member of the Faculty.

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The Ladies Board of Managers of this year numbered nine, and consisted of:

Mrs. Marianne P. Dascomb,
Mrs. Elizabeth M. L. Morgan,
Mrs. Rebecca Finney,
Mrs. Sarah D. Penfield,
Mrs. Mary L. P. Kinney,
Mrs. Minerva E. Ellis,
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead,
Mrs. Augusta B. Smith,
Mrs. May B. Shurtleff,
Mrs. Adelia A. F. Johnston, *ex officio*.

Mrs. Johnston always held in grateful remembrance the assistance given her in those early days by Mrs. Dascomb and Mr. Finney. Mrs. Dascomb gave freely from the store of wisdom gained in her twenty years of experience. Mr. Finney established himself as guide, philosopher, and friend; a chair for her was always at his dinner table, and his study door was ever ajar. Mr. Finney was not simply an ordinary evangelist; before he became a great preacher he was a successful lawyer, his mental processes were strictly logical, his point of view essentially judicial. Mrs. Johnston ever acknowledged the value of that clear, logical, judicial mind in the settlement of the problems of her early administrative career. Her own temperament taught her the great administrative paradox that he who loses his life with courage for

justice and well-being saves it; and he who saves his life through weakness or cowardice loses it.

Whatever decision she was called upon to make, whether social, moral, or spiritual, whether popular or unpopular, she ever presented steadily and uncompromisingly the higher ideals of life and of conduct. It never occurred to her how any decision was going to affect her; the only question was what was the right thing to do.

One positive requirement went with the position—a requirement that would fill a modern Dean with dismay—probably an impossible requirement under present collegiate conditions. It was that the Principal should address the entire student body of women every two weeks. Furthermore, she was instructed that nothing that had to do with the well-being of the students was foreign to her office. This was the saving grace of the situation. She caught the vision of the rare opportunity of the place and determined to give to it all she had of mental and spiritual power. She comprehended that she was to deal with adolescent youth, that most elusive, most idealistic, most critical period in the life of the human being. It was her mission to deepen its faith, freshen its hope, preserve its enthusiasm, strengthen its ideals, and broaden its views. She was fitted to do this by her own youthful, enthusiastic temperament, for she herself possessed the gift of “incurable youth,”

and so met youth on equal terms. The technical name of these addresses was General Exercises, which in college slang became "General Ex." Into these addresses Mrs. Johnston put all the results of her study, all she knew of literature and art, all she enjoyed of travel, all she believed in sociology, all that was essential in manners, all that was important in morals, all that was supreme in religion. The value of these addresses to the student body can never be measured. Their echoes recur after decades have gone by; from the shores of the Pacific, from the prairies of the west, from the crowded streets of cities, from the plains of India and China, from the banks of the Nile. Oberlin's missionaries carry the memories of Oberlin around the world. Her genius was essentially constructive and she presented all these things with the cumulative force of her own personality as something to be done, considered, or accomplished now, today. Personal responsibility and immediate duty were her watchwords.

I crossed the continent with Mrs. Johnston in 1901, going to San Francisco and thence to Alaska. We journeyed leisurely, stopping at several of the larger cities on the way and were met at every place by eager friends, former Oberlin students, men and women, and given a welcome that warmed our hearts. These friends were strangers to me, yet I was cordially received, and was impressed

both by their numbers and their devotion and was greatly interested to see how many recalled something she had said in their student days, some help she had given, some decision in which she had assisted. I understood then in a larger way than ever before what a power her influence had been. It was clear that a great deal of it went back to these General Exercises, as well as to her classroom teaching.

I suppose such a position in our day of special attainments and general up-to-dateness could not be sustained in any college,

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
is worthy of loving remembrance and it may be we
shall find that through its loss, youth itself is
bereft.

Perhaps I may here repeat one or two of the many anecdotes that came out during that continental journey.

All who remember the Mid-Victorian period of the '70's and early '80's recall that at this time all girls and most boys had pet names ending in "ie" which they regarded as quite equal to their baptismal names; indeed, often were baptismal names. It was the period of Lizzie and Fannie, of Willie and Bertie. But college records did not wish to deal with pet names, and every effort was made to obtain the correct form.

One registration day at the beginning of the year as Mrs. Johnston sat with her assistant, a fine looking young student came up and in answer to "your name please," responded, Mattie Winnie Blank. "Oh no!" said Mrs. Johnston, "that isn't your name, it can't be, that is your home name, we want your real name." But the girl had not realized her new environment sufficiently to comprehend, and replied with almost a note of defiance in her voice, "Mattie Winnie Blank." Mrs. Johnston looked smilingly into her face for a moment and then said, "Just think how that will look on your tombstone." The surprise was complete, and with it a quick comprehension; in a moment the transformation was made and the young student walked out of the office with a sense of personal dignity, Margaret Windship Blank.

Another anecdote recalled a time when words had been unequal to the task of making the student body of girls appreciate the value of a fine personal carriage. The days of careful training in gymnasiums had not yet arrived and what could be done was mainly sporadic. Mrs. Johnston was always disturbed at the sight of an awkward, loose-jointed gait. She had talked much with but little effect, so she decided upon an object lesson. At the next General Exercise when the students were assembled and waiting, she appeared, and in most defiant manner strided across the platform

to her place. The audience was breathless. She disappeared only to come a second time, slinking to her place. The audience began to comprehend. She disappeared again to come a third time with every joint apparently unstrung. The audience burst into uproarious applause. The fourth time she crossed the platform with her own incomparable grace and dignity, took her place and without a word as to what had gone before held her audience spellbound by the narration of some of her experiences of travel. No girl in that audience ever forgot that object lesson whether she applied it or not.

Of those early years at Oberlin we have scanty records. In fact, Mrs. Johnston's diaries deal with her play times, not with her serious work. When asked why she did not write a diary of her daily life she made the answer of many an overworked teacher, "I had neither strength nor time." The first record that I find is a report made in 1874 and published in *Education of American Girls* compiled by Miss Anna Brackett and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This volume is a contribution to the discussion that raged through the '70's and early '80's provoked by the publication of *Sex in Education* by Dr. Edward H. Clarke.

The subject matter of this report has long ceased to be an educational issue but the report itself is valuable in that it marks for us the beginning of

two lines of Mrs. Johnston's lifelong activities. One of the first college needs that impressed her when she took up her life work in Oberlin was the necessity of Loanable College Funds, money that could be loaned to students to be returned when possible; and Scholarship Funds, money that could be given to students outright.

In this report she says: "Many of the girls who have completed a course of study at Oberlin have at the same time supported themselves. This they have done mostly by teaching, which has left them little time for rest or recreation, even during the short vacations. In the classes which graduated last year were thirty young women; nineteen of these wholly or in part met their own expenses here, which were as great as in our eastern colleges; but reduce them to the lowest minimum, and, at the present rate of women's wages, the meeting of these expenses in addition to regular college work is no slight consideration. Is it any wonder if some who might endure the one, fail under the weight of both. Several years ago some benevolent Quaker ladies from Philadelphia gave a few hundred dollars for the benefit of this class of girls and within the last few weeks others have added to the sum. It is now proposed to secure a permanent fund of \$10,000, the interest to be used in helping those who are helping themselves."

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At the Commencement dinner of 1875 she presented the needs of those who were helping themselves so effectively that she received some contributions at the time. Perhaps what gratified her most was the action of the Junior class when the next college year opened in September. We quote *The Review*:

"The Juniors and Third Years met last Thursday and unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

"1st. That we, members of the class of '77, do agree during the remainder of our course to pay 35c each per term toward a fund to be loaned to such young women as may need assistance.

"2nd. That we elect a treasurer who shall collect the sums thus paid and pay it to the Principal of the Ladies' Department, receiving a receipt for all sums thus contributed.

"3rd. That we invite the co-operation of the other college classes."

The pleasant sequel to this is a letter Mrs. Johnston published in a later issue of *The Review*, acknowledging the receipt of the money promised and assuring the class that this was already doing its legitimate work—helping those who were helping themselves.

In the same report of 1874 we read: "The Trustees of the College at their last annual meeting, discussed the question of changing the name and conferring a degree upon those completing this

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(Ladies) Course, as Michigan University confers a degree upon those completing its Latin Scientific Course. The subject was referred to the Faculty to be reported upon at the next Commencement."

We know that Mrs. Johnston was dissatisfied with the Ladies Course for herself as far back as 1856, and that her persistent effort from the day of her graduation was to make good its deficiencies. She began Greek; she spent a year in the special study of Latin; she went to Germany for a year's study in German.

As head of the Women's Department, with a broader outlook upon life than ever before and comprehending all the interests at stake, she became very restive under the college policy of offering a course of study that did not lead to a degree. Moreover, she disliked its name; however good it might have been in the '30's, it was not good in the '70's. At this time the degree of A. B. in the minds of college authorities was sacred to those who had completed a course which contained Greek. As the Ladies Course was without Greek she did not dream of asking for that degree. The revolt against Greek was making headway all over the land and the first schools to capitulate were of course the State Universities which were at this time conferring degrees of B. S. upon those students who completed a satisfactory course destitute of Greek. Mrs. Johnston felt that the Ladies

Course should be renamed, enriched, and given a degree. The compromise brought about was the establishment of a course at first called Scientific, but as this was plainly a misnomer afterward named Philosophical, really a modern language course, and women were encouraged to enter it. This course led to a degree as well as the one containing Greek. The Ladies Course, so far as its content was concerned, continued virtually the same, but it was renamed, called the Literary Course of the Department of Arts and Sciences, and the interesting statement which had come down from the '30's:

"This course of study is designed to give Ladies facilities for thorough mental discipline and the special training which will qualify them for teaching and the other duties of their sphere,"

was removed from the catalogue of 1874-75.

Furthermore, the Course was given a Faculty of its own, consisting mainly of the Professors of the College and the statement of former catalogues:

"The advanced classes are taught by the Professors and recite with the College classes where the studies are the same. The lower classes are taught as the classes in the College Preparatory Department with which they usually recite,"

was also removed from the catalogue of 1874-75.

The outcome was that the Literary Course attained a position of dignity unknown before and in this way its life was prolonged, although it never led to a degree, nor did its classes ever reach the dignity of college names. Its usefulness perhaps at that stage of educational development still continued. More and more, men and women who did not wish to study Greek enrolled themselves in the Philosophical Course and the evolution of educational ideals went on apace.

Before 1870 the Principal of the Women's Department had no place in the meetings of the Faculty. Mrs. Johnston felt that inasmuch as the faculty decisions affected the women as well as the men they should be represented. In deference to this opinion she was invited to sit with the Faculty during the first hour of the meeting but was expected to retire at the end of that time. She accepted the privilege, took part in the discussions and promptly retired when the clock indicated the hour; but the second year she was enrolled as a regular member and invited to stay during the entire session. From that time until her retirement in 1907 she was never absent from Faculty meeting when in town unless she was ill.

In August, 1875, Mr. Finney died at his home in Oberlin, having reached the age of 82. His last illness was brief—less than forty-eight hours, and on the morning of his death he said simply—

"The life forces are spent, I shall die today." It is said that Professor Morgan, who had been closely associated with him for so many years, cried out as his spirit took flight, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—but where is the mantle?" As it was vacation few of the Faculty were in town.

I find in *The Review* of May, 1876, an article from Mrs. Johnston's pen entitled *How to Study*, in which she emphasizes the necessity of mental concentration. The whole is an excellent example of one type of her addresses to the students, but a single paragraph will give a fair idea of her clear logical style.

"An hour of time used for any purpose, like a dollar of money, is only worth what it will bring in exchange. The value of an hour of rest depends upon the power of the mind to throw off care; in other words, the actual rest obtained. The value of an hour of business depends not upon the number of things attempted but upon the actual amount of business accomplished. The value of an hour of prayer depends not upon the number of words uttered, nor upon the necessities and agencies which press upon the petitioner, but upon the fullness of the answer which is the true measure of its sincerity. So the value of an hour of study depends upon the amount really learned, and the discipline really gained. And as hours of rest, hours of business and hours of prayer may be valueless, so hours of study may only stand for time lost."

In 1870 Mrs. Johnston established her residence at the Ladies Hall, and from the first made the Hall a center of social activities. She gave many receptions—not only to the Seniors as was customary—but to the Freshman and First Years, to the Preparatory students, to the Conservatory students. She established an afternoon and invited all and any of the students to call. She invited the Faculty to tea and then held a student reception later. The first record that I find of these receptions is the one given in honor of Miss Helen E. Martin, her assistant who left Oberlin to accept the position of Principal at Olivet College, Michigan.

That the students enjoyed these gatherings is clear from the casual expressions that occur from time to time in *The Review*: "It was the event of the term"—"It was most successful as is everything of which Mrs. Johnston has the management"—"Everybody had a good time,"—"Everybody was welcome and everybody went," and so the record runs through all the ensuing years. The Ladies Hall at this time was not very well adapted for that sort of thing but she made it serve.

VI.

COLLEGE LIFE. VISIT TO EUROPE. WINTER IN NASSAU.

In 1877 the long vacation period was changed from winter to summer and this enabled Mrs. Johnston in 1878 once more to cross the Atlantic, and late in June she sailed from New York in company with Miss Mary M. Wright, her Assistant, landing in Liverpool, July 1. We have a few notes of this journey but no detailed account. The stay was from July 1 to August 11, only forty-two days, but these were utilized to the last moment. By July 2 they were at Llangollen, Wales, and the record is:

"Walked before breakfast to the castle, ruins 600 feet above the Dee and two miles from town. Found fox-glove, daisies, and wild roses in bloom. After breakfast went to Plas Newydd, once the residence of the 'Ladies of Llangollen.' Back to Chester just in time for the mail train to Holyhead, went the entire distance in two hours without stop. From Holyhead to Kingston in a magnificent mail steamer and from there to Dublin by mail. Irish-Jaunting-Car! What shall I say of it? Queen Victoria rode in one in 1849 when with the Prince Consort she visited Dublin. Stayed at the Gresham House. Found a note from Miss S., went to her home, found her expecting us. Planned for the next day."

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"Dublin, July 3, 1878.—Miss S. called and we went out for the day. Visited the People's Gardens, Phoenix Park and the Law Courts. On our way entered a Catholic church, heard a most interesting exercise—a priest instructing a class of twenty-five or thirty boys; the lesson, 'What is necessary to prepare for the confession,' was admirably explained by their teacher and the boys paid the best of attention. The lesson was good for me as well as for the boys. Visited the Bank in the Old Parliament House."

July 4 was spent at Killarney and on July 6 the diary records:

"Made the tour of the Lakes which consisted of a ride of seven miles in a wagonette, a five mile walk through the upper, middle, and lower lake region and a short walk through the domain of Mr. Herbert, M. P.

"Things to be especially remembered are:

"Echoes in the Pass—the beggars—the poor houses with the pigs in the corner—beautiful legends as told by our guide—purple light on the mountains—waterfalls—peat bogs—salmon fishing—meeting of the waters—and our guide."

From Killarney the route lay, back to Dublin, then to Wales, visiting Canarvon and Conway; then to Chester, thence to Oxford for a few happy days and finally on July 19, they reached London.

Most interesting to us in this record is the visit to the Catholic church. We recall that the diary of 1869 showed Mrs. Johnston in Germany slowly learning to appreciate the Catholic churches and

visiting them when opportunity offered, attracted by their music, their pictures and their architecture. No doubt it was expectation of something of the kind that turned her steps to this church in Dublin, but finding a priest instructing a class of boys she lingers, and gives her opinion of this instruction as not only good for the boys, but good for herself. It is always a matter of psychological interest to note the reaction of the Puritan mind when it meets for the first time the art and architecture of Catholicism. In her case we find that notwithstanding the pretensions of the Pope and the horrors of the Inquisition,—she unreservedly commends the excellence of the priest's admonitions. Mr. Ruskin records in his autobiography a similar growth of tolerance in his own mind, and goes on further to state his opinion that no real appreciation of Christian art and architecture is possible without it. Indeed, he records that his first art studies on the continent were worthless because of his "prim, protestant mind."

The stay in London was from July 19 to August 1, and every day was full. She especially studied the pictures of the National Gallery. From London they journeyed north, stopping at York to see the Cathedral and reaching Edinburgh, August 3. The diary notes that :

"The landlord of Darling's Hotel remembered me from my visit of eight years ago. Visited Picture Gal-

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lery, Museum, Castle, Holyrood Palace. Took a train ride of five miles. Saw the sunset from Calton Hill. On August 4 heard the best sermon since leaving America."

They went to Inverness, thence to Oban, from Oban sailed for Glasgow, and the record for August 9 is:

"Our last day in Scotland and our best. The Trosachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond. Reached Glasgow in time for the evening train which brought us to Liverpool."

August 11 they sailed for America. On this six weeks' journey she meets many old friends and makes many new ones, a marked characteristic of all her travels. People always interested her and her acquaintance grew apace. *The Review* of September 26, 1878, reports:

"Mrs. Johnston and Miss Wright returned from England in ample time to begin the work of the year and full of enthusiasm over the success and good fortune which they everywhere met."

As a matter of fact she arrived just in time to take part in the famous enterprise of looking a saloon out of business. The annual announcement of the College catalogue, "No drinking saloons in the town," looked simple and easy in print, but the fact it recorded was attained by strenuous

effort. At this time local option laws did not exist and the only way to control the matter was to make the business unprofitable. In the main this was the case, but during the summer of 1878 a saloon had been opened in connection with a billiard table, the proprietor hoping by this means to induce the college men to frequent it. There was no law by which the saloon could be closed, and the only thing to do was to make it a losing enterprise. Consequently, the good citizens of the town and the Professors of the College organized, found a room that commanded the saloon entrances, front and back, and some one of their number was there from morning till night. President Fairchild and Mrs. Johnston took their turns with the rest. The Village Council by ordinance closed the saloon at 7 P. M. and the result was that in time the proprietor departed taking his billiard table with him.

As early as 1874 the Professors themselves became weary of facing every Thursday a bored and sleepy audience, so that finally the Thursday lecture ceased to be a sermon and became a lecture upon history, science, sociology,—in fact, the platform became free for any approved speaker to discuss any topic which was timely and interesting. But although secularized the platform was still sacred to men. Furthermore, it was four years before any one seems to have noticed this, or in fact, thought anything about it. But after Mrs. Johns-

ton's return from her summer trip, *The Review* of November 25, 1878, reports:

"Mrs. Johnston gave an entertaining lecture on the Governments of Europe, Saturday evening, November 21. As a lecturer, Mrs. Johnston is one of the few who charm while they instruct. As a member of the Faculty it is strange she does not occupy the platform some Thursday afternoon."

As this seemed to accomplish nothing, we read in a later issue,

"Mrs. Johnston accepting the invitation of the three College Societies spoke in Society Hall about her visit to Great Britain last summer."

It is clear that the young men are beginning to appreciate Mrs. Johnston's ability as a speaker.

As early as 1875 the members of the Literary Societies, L. L. S. and Aelioian, expressed dissatisfaction with their quarters in the Ladies Hall and began an effort to raise money to erect a building. Since there was no audience room large enough for the Principal to meet all the women of the institution together, the plan developed to pay to the Trustees \$3,000 toward a building that on the first floor should provide an audience room and upon the second suitably house the societies. But things went slowly; and it was not until 1879, when Mrs. Johnston herself took the matter in hand that the



MRS. JOHNSTON IN 1878.

enterprise heartened. At the same time she began an active campaign for funds for self-supporting girls. *The Review* of November 27, 1879, reports:

"The Ladies Societies pledged \$3,000 to the Trustees for Society Hall. Money to be paid to Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston who will place all sums in bank. The Society rooms in the Ladies Hall are small, inadequate, and unpleasant."

Pledges were obtained from friends, society members, and alumnæ and the sum slowly grew toward the limit. It is interesting to follow the issues of *The Review* and note how the two enterprises, Society Hall and Loanable Funds, fared.

January 1, 1880.—"First cash for the Society Building \$25 given by Miss Mary W. Holbrook."

January 22, 1880.—"Mrs. Johnston got \$150 for Society Hall. Mrs. Johnston has gone to Philadelphia to secure funds with which to establish scholarships for the benefit of the young ladies. She reports good success toward accomplishing her purpose,—ten \$1,000-scholarships."

January 28, 1880.—"Mrs. Johnston is succeeding finely. She has visited New York and Providence."

March 25, 1880.—"Mrs. Johnston reports a pleasant time in New York and the \$10,000 nearly raised."

Reading between the lines we see that she has in her zeal overtaken her strength and her endurance and we read:

April 8, 1880.—“Mrs. Johnston after spending a few days at her home in Hillsdale, Mich., has recovered sufficiently from her illness to return and take charge of her classes.”

We remember that when Mrs. Johnston accepted the position of Principal of the Women's Department she made as an essential condition that she be allowed to teach. There was no condition as to what classes she should instruct; she was perfectly ready to take anything that was given her. She understood perfectly that it might be embarrassing to the authorities to give her college classes and she accepted without question *Science of Government*, a First Year study; *History of Rome*, also a First Year study, and *Guizot's History of Civilization*, a Fourth Year study,—each of a single term and so arranged that she had but one recitation each day. The classes were all in the Literary Course and were supposed to be attended only by the students of that course, but to the astonishment of the Faculty as well as of Mrs. Johnston herself several young men of the institution declared their wish to be enrolled in her classes. There was no reason why they should be excluded, so that her classes were composed of

both men and women, almost from the first,—a condition that came about naturally and like the kingdom of heaven, without observation.

Although the facts of Mrs. Johnston's teaching are perfectly clear, the records are wholly confused. Concerning the first three years of her teaching the catalogues are absolutely silent; not even by implication is it suggested that Mrs. Johnston teaches. In the catalogue of 1873-74, the Ladies Department for the first time has a Faculty and her name as Principal follows that of President Fairchild.

In the catalogue of 1874-75, the Ladies Department still has a Faculty and her name occurs without being definitely named as Principal.

In the catalogue of 1875-76 the Ladies Course has disappeared and the Literary Course is placed in the Department of Arts and Sciences. Mrs. Johnston's name appears among the Faculty near the end of the list, thus implying that she is an instructor in that department.

In the catalogue of 1878-79 her name for the first time appears at the beginning among the Faculty as Principal and also Instructor in History. This is the first definite recognition in the catalogue that Mrs. Johnston is an instructor, and she had been teaching for eight years.

These curious omissions of the catalogues were not due to any wish to be unfair, but simply to the

fact that the authorities were confronted with a new condition. The Principal was in this case also a teacher, a new combination, and just how to express this properly they did not know.

However, as the character of her teaching became better known to the student body; when the undergraduate men began to come into her classes insisting they had as much right there as anyone else; when the time-honored prejudice against reciting to a woman was overthrown, there was nothing else to be done but enroll her among the college instructors.

Dr. Dascomb resigned his position as Professor of Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology in 1878. At this time a reorganization of the department took place; Chemistry was given its own Professor and Botany was transferred to the Department of Natural History which then meant Geology and Zoology. The Professor of this chair was Albert A. Wright, who at the time was about to go to Europe for two years' study in his especial field. President Fairchild found no difficulty in distributing the classes in Geology and Zoology among the other Professors, but when it came to Botany they all with one accord began to make excuse. In Faculty meeting he went around the group definitely asking of each one, "Will you take it?" and each one said, "No." The situation was embarrass-

sing, when Mrs. Johnston quietly remarked, "President, if you have no objections, I will take the Botany class." "It will be a great relief to me if you will," was the reply,—and she then had her first college class—of Sophomores and Second Years. As to the result it is sufficient to quote Professor Wright who upon his return two years after, met his classes with the frank statement, "I hesitate to follow so successful and accomplished a teacher of Botany as Mrs. Johnston."

It is a time-honored tradition of Oberlin students to hold a Mock Convention upon the year of each Presidential nomination. The proceeds from that held on May 31, 1880, were given by the Committee in charge to Mrs. Johnston for the purchase of pictures to be hung in the College buildings—especially in the corridors and parlors of the Ladies Hall. Those were the days of heliotype reproductions of the famous pictures of the world and a number of these were purchased. Many men and women today date their first interest in and appreciation of art from the sight of those pictures.

At this time began the reception of the Faculty to all the students which has become a tradition of Washington's birthday celebration. This began as a Thanksgiving reception but not being alto-

gether convenient there drifted over into the February season. We read:

November 28, 1880.—“The College Faculty took tea at the Ladies Hall. Afterward there was a reception to all the students.”

Mrs. Johnston had over-estimated her strength and in December, 1880, she came down with a most serious attack of pneumonia. Careful nursing and the unremitting watchfulness of her lifelong friend, Dr. Dudley Allen, saved her life, but she rose from her bed, weakened and exhausted.

What happened afterward she herself shall tell since we find the story at the beginning of her lecture entitled, *Two Sides of a Shield*:

“‘You must go South,’ said my imperative doctor. ‘Nassau for the Winter, Florida for March and April. You may come home with the settled warm weather.’

“‘This is forced banishment,’ I replied. ‘Doctors ought to study the mind as well as the brain; then they would know better than to send a patient among strangers.’

“‘Ho! Ho!’ was the retort. ‘If the bare mention of a journey stirs you, what may we not hope from actual travel! The truth is, you have been housed too long. There is no hope for you in this miserable climate.’

“‘There was no appeal from this decision. And so I went to Nassau, where, lounging under the palm trees, I whiled away the sunny hours watching the simple-hearted natives at their work, content myself simply to

breathe. But it was air sweet with the perfume of the pomegranate and the myrtle. Sometimes I varied the monotony of these days by sailing over the ribboned water of the bay of the Garden of the Gods, where, leaning over the gunwale of the boat, I looked down through many fathoms to the sanded floor of the ocean. What a world of exquisite beauty was revealed through those limpid depths! What rare combinations of form and color and motion! There were tall sea-fans and tree-like forms of coral, rainbow-tinted fish,—crimson, and purple, and gold,—that sailed out of coral grottoes as if bearing messages from sea-nymph and mermaid.

“One day as we lay anchored to a reef, I saw on the bottom of the sea an unusually fine specimen of brain-coral. Half aloud to myself I said, ‘I wish I had that piece of coral.’ A shadow passed over my head; there was a splash on the waters, two feet twinkled a moment in the air, and a native went straight to the bottom. With a small hammer which he carried he loosened the coveted treasure, secured it, and with a light spring brought himself again to the surface. Then, blowing like a porpoise, he climbed over the edge of the boat. I have that specimen of coral in my cabinet to-day.

“This was simple existence, I grant—this life in the tropics. But it was pleasant for once to be beyond the sound of college bell or call of duty. Tired nerves went to sleep; exhausted energies relaxed, and nature had time to assert herself. There were no extremes in the life at Nassau. Even the thermometer was uniform—75 at noon, 70 at midnight. Frost and snow and frozen rivers seemed things of the past. These were where my soul had been; in its transmigrations it had passed beyond them; and I often wondered if ever again I should feel the crisp sensation of purpose or ambition.

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"But one morning I awakened with a sense of new life. It was the last day of February. 'Nassau for the Winter!' I could hear the very tones of my good doctor's voice. 'Florida for March and April.' A steamer lay anchored in the harbor. In a few hours it would sail for Fernandina. I booked as a passenger. With my first step on deck there came back to me all the old life and the old ambitions. Nothing now seemed so unreal to me as the life I was leaving. I was not sailing away from Nassau—Nassau was floating away from me. The rapidly receding outlines of the shore marked the confines of dreamland. The tall palms that stood by the water's edge and tossed their plumed heads in the morning breeze, were mailed knights guarding that dreamland.

"But there was nothing unnatural about the Gulf Stream, or the landing at Fernandina. The sailors swore, the hackmen shouted, the half-clad natives pushed and struggled for our baggage. I went straight to the railroad station, and in half an hour was on my way to St. Augustine.

"Before leaving home a friend had given me a letter of introduction to a Miss Mather, saying, 'it would be a pity for you to visit Florida and not see the most remarkable woman in the State.'

" 'Who is Miss Mather?' I asked.

" 'A Massachusetts woman,' said my friend, 'who went South several years before the war. She established a flourishing school for girls in St. Augustine, and many planters who wished to secure a thorough education for their daughters, but feared to send them North on account of the "abolition doctrines," sent them to Miss Mather's school. With the breaking out of the war the school closed. But Miss Mather did not return North; she owned a home in St. Augustine and two orange groves up

the St. Johns River; and stayed, as she said, "to look after her interests."

"When I reached the station at St. Augustine—which in those days was a mile and a half from the town—I asked a colored driver who sat half asleep on the box of his open carriage, if he knew where Miss Mather lived. You should have seen the effect of my words. His eyes opened wide, a smile spread over his broad features. 'Know Miss Mather! I shud think so! She's my Sunday school teacher.'

" 'I wish to go to her house,' I said. I gave him the check for my trunk, and stepped into his carriage.

"We had gone perhaps half the distance when Sambo turned around, and with dismay in both the tone of his voice, and the expression of his face, exclaimed, 'Miss Mather's not t' home!'

"Much amused, I said, 'Where is she?'

" 'She's a comin',' was the reply.

"I looked down the road and saw a buggy rapidly approaching. When it came within speaking distance Sambo called out cheerily, 'Howdy, Miss Mather! Here's a lady wants t' see ye.' And our carriages stopped as we came alongside. I presented my letter of introduction, and while Miss Mather read it, I had the opportunity of studying the features of 'the most remarkable woman in the State.'

"Miss Mather was broad-shouldered and resolute looking. The sternness of her mouth was relieved by the kindly expression of her eye. The wind had blown her iron-gray hair until much of it had escaped from under her close-fitting bonnet. She drove a spirited horse, which she seemed to guide by word rather than the bit. Altogether she impressed me as a woman who was accustomed to do things.

"When she had finished the letter she said, 'The kindest thing I can do for you this morning is to help you to a good boarding-place. You must go to Rose Cottage.' Then lifting her finger warningly, she added, 'Now mind that you do just as I tell you. When you reach the cottage, have your trunk placed on the steps and dismiss your driver before you make known your errand. You will be told that the cottage is full. That is true. You will be told that there is not a single vacant room in it. That is true also. But you tell the landlady that you will take a closet, then. And you may also tell her that Miss Mather told you not to leave the house; and that she will be around in the afternoon to see about it. You see,' she continued, 'some boarder will leave in a day or two, and then you will be comfortably settled in the best boarding-place in St. Augustine,—kept, I am happy to say, by two Boston women.'

"It all turned out as Miss Mather said. I slept that first night in a room so small that I had to stand on the bed in order to shut the door. Fortunately for me there was an outside window, and I had plenty of fresh air. But the next day some one left, and I was given a pleasant room on the second floor, opening upon a wide verandah. This verandah was protected from the outside world by a close lattice, over which climbed luxuriant rose bushes. Even in March they were covered with a wealth of bloom."

Evidently her visit to the south accomplished all that was expected, for *The Review* of May 26, 1881, reports her presence in Boston at an Oberlin reunion; and that of June 25 notes that Mrs.

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Johnston accompanied the members of the Botany class to Chance creek the week before.

That visit had other results for her and for Oberlin. It was at Rose Cottage that she made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Baldwin and family, which ripened into a friendship that blessed her life and wrought for Oberlin as well, in that it gave to the College one of its best and strongest friends.

VII.

A YEAR IN EUROPE.

With the close of the college year of 1880-81, feeling that it was unsafe to pass the coming winter at the north, Mrs. Johnston obtained a year's leave of absence. Her friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Baldwin and daughter, with their friend, Miss Mary E. Smith, of Cleveland, were about to travel in Europe, and she decided to accompany them. Miss Mary M. Wright became Acting Principal in her place.

The party sailed from New York, October 12, 1881, on the S. S. Scythia and crossed the Atlantic to the accompaniment of a stiff October gale. Mrs. Johnston was a good sailor throughout, appearing at every meal. Arriving at Liverpool, they hoped to visit the Lake region before crossing to the continent and so went north. After two pleasant days at Windermere, on October 31 there came a heavy fall of snow and the party started at once for London. But the weather there was cold and foggy so they proceeded without delay to Paris, where they remained for two months, spending much time in study of pictures and build-

ings and visiting all places of interest. One entry of the diary has especial interest:

"Paris, November 18, 1881.—Paris does not seem to me as in 1870. The Republic may be better than the Empire, but it does not keep Paris as clean. The once beautiful city has a second-hand look. The Tuilleries is in ruins. A public street runs through what was once a private garden belonging to this then beautiful palace and where in the summer of '70 on bright mornings I used to see the young Prince riding his velocipede. Even the people in the street do not look as bright and happy as they used to. The shops are not as gay, one hardly recognizes the city."

November 30, 1881, the party left Paris for Spain, stopping at Bayonne and driving from there to Biarritz. Thence to Burgos, whose Cathedral is one of the sights of Spain. By December 4 they were in Madrid, and of that famous gallery the diary simply says: "There is too much to say if one says anything."

"Escorial, December 5, 1881.—The library is a beautiful room, and contains 30,000 volumes; the gold edges of the books stand outward. Philip II. could not have even a book turn its back upon him."

A drive the next day showed the peasant women washing clothes in the river, and the wonder is how they can possibly come out so clean. General Fairchild, the American Minister, is most kind and

attentive to the party; doing much for their comfort and pleasure. "He likes the young King and says there are able men in the Cortes. The Minister of Public Instruction has recently applied to him for reports of our Public Schools."

"Madrid, December 8, 1881.—Visited the palace of the King and saw the Royal Family on their way to Chapel. Stood very near the Queen as she passed. She is not beautiful and looks older than the King."

"Toledo, December 9, 1881.—Toledo! The most wonderful day yet! A day full of surprises. I knew that Toledo was on the Tagus—that it was an old city—that it was once noted for its sword blades and that in common with Burgos and Seville was justly proud of its Cathedral, but I did not know that it was built upon a high rocky promontory around the base of which roars and rushes the river that seems still joyful at having broken its way through the mountains. I did not know that it has no streets, only narrow lanes and wynds so narrow that a single carriage can pass through but a few of them, while a horseman and footman pass each other with difficulty in many, and donkeys alone thread their way easily in all."

From Toledo the party went to Seville—thence to Granada, and we note:

"December 17, 1881.—The Alhambra! Dreamed over in childhood, longed for always, is no longer a castle in the air, but a castle in Spain. Washington Irving said a great deal but he did not say all he might have said with truthfulness. It is more beautiful than words can

paint and it is more to see it than to dream of it. Granada was the last stronghold of the Moors. They surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabel January 2, 1492, Boabdil being King. The Moors had occupied Spain 777 years."

"December 21, 1881.—Left Granada at 9:30 for Cordova. Scenery mountainous. A pleasant journey—especially enjoyed our lunch, train went very slowly—country very poor after leaving the Vega. Santa Fe, where Ferdinand and Isabel received Columbus and heard his marvelous stories of what he believed might be done, is an unimportant town to the right of Granada just seen in the distance from the car window. Some two or three miles from the city you pass the bridge where the messenger overtook Columbus and recalled him to an audience with the Queen which resulted in his remarkable voyage and final discoveries."

From Cordova to Valencia, thence to Barcelona and then on to Marseilles, reaching Nice the last day of the year.

"Nice, January 1, 1882.—Castelli (courier) greeted us with 'A Happy New Year' and fresh rosebuds. Went to the American Chapel and heard a most excellent sermon."

It is interesting to note that she never loses her appreciation of a good sermon.

"January 5, 1881.—Left Nice for Monte Carlo by private carriage. The new road runs below the Corniche near the sea, often by it, sometimes the mountains are

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tunneled and one catches when half way through charming bits of scenery, including water, land, and sky.

"The hillsides are covered with olive groves, the foliage of which is a lighter green than we saw in southern Spain. Little villages half way up the mountain sides were constantly coming into view and in the distance we could always see the snow-covered peaks—sometimes they seemed very near and we almost wondered to see geranium hedges in bloom and fresh roses looking down upon us from garden walls.

"Monaco from its rocky height plays capital to a diminutive principality and its blind Prince lives upon the enormous rent paid him by M. Blanc for Monte Carlo. We reached the latter place about 3 P. M., stopped at Hotel Monte Carlo, until recently the home of M. Blanc. After resting we walked over to the Casino. It reminded me of a similar visit to Homburg in '70. When the German Government closed that gambling house M. Blanc came here and rented for 20 years this mountain side that runs down to the sea. He has made it blossom as the rose. I doubt if landscape gardening was ever carried to greater perfection. Plants from the four quarters of the globe. Royal palms from Africa, cacti from America, flowering shrubs from Asia and Europe are here grouped so that form and color unite in one harmonious picture, while running waters, leaping fountains, winding walks, and velvety lawns make one think of Paradise and the Islands of the Blest. And all this beauty is the setting of what? An Inferno. I visited the gaming tables both in the afternoon and evening and saw old men and women, young men and women, spending their strength and money in the most absorbing of all ways; sometimes in a few minutes thousands changed hands."

After visiting Genoa and Pisa the party reach Florence for twenty happy, hard-working days spent in churches, galleries, and palaces, and then on toward Rome. Along the way the places famous in history came out one after another—Aretium and Crotona and Lake Trasimene—all filled with the memories of Hannibal. Reaching Rome, January 31, they were soon comfortably settled and sight-seeing began with a visit to the Capitol.

“Rome, February 5, 1882.—Sunday, went to the English Episcopal church, so high as to be but few removes from the Catholic. My birthday—I am now just half as old as my grandmother. How short the time and how little I have accomplished. Life seems very unsatisfactory. It is a continual struggle after the unattainable. The strongest reason for believing in immortality is found in the fact that creation would be such a failure if this world were all.”

“Rome, February 8, 1882.—Went to the Palace of the Caesars with Mr. Forbes. It was a strange sensation to be walking through the halls of Caligula, to have portions of the wall pointed out as that of Romulus, to see the very steps up which the Sabine women were brought by their captors, to look down upon the *Via Sacra*, to stand where Paul stood when brought before Nero.”

After nearly a month's stay in Rome the party went to Naples, reaching that city the last week in February. Apart from the sight-seeing at Naples

and the ordinary excursions always so attractive and exciting to the tourist, it is interesting that their party were the first guests of the Monastery of Amalfi.

"March 7 and 8, 1887.—Our party in company with Mr. Fletcher (Courier) left Naples first by rail to La Cava and then by carriage to Amalfi. Nothing could be more picturesque than this town situated on the mountain side and running down to the water's edge. We found the hotel full to overflowing and were told that the Monastery high up above the town was soon to be opened as a hotel, that if we wished to, we might be its first guests, although it was not yet opened and was still undergoing repairs. There seemed to be no other way. Mules were brought and we mounted for the climb. It was a climb up stairs, for almost the entire way there are stone steps. The hostess, Donna Louise, met us literally with open arms. In a short time carpets were spread in our rooms, beds made, furniture arranged and with a cheerful fire on the hearth we were soon at home. I slept in a monk's cell. My window looked down upon the bay and opened upon a little balcony. There are many things of interest connected with this old monastery of the Capuccini. It was founded in 1212 and dedicated to St. Peter. It was sequestered by the present government and the building devoted to a Naval School. During the past winter the school has been removed and the property rented to Donna Louise."

By the middle of March they left Naples and returned to Rome; after a few days they went north to Milan, stopping at Parma in order to see the paintings of Corregio.

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"It is an old town with a half deserted appearance. The Cathedral, in the Lombard-Romanesque style, was begun in 1060. The dome is adorned with the Assumption by Corregio now much darkened by time. The figures seem to be moving—floating in the air. In the baptistery service was going on as we entered and an image of our Saviour lay on the floor, and men, women and children came in, prostrated themselves before it, kissed the hands, feet and brow, with head bent to the floor, said their prayers and then left to make room for others. In the convent of San Paolo we saw the celebrated Putti del Corregio."

"Milan, April 8, 1882.—There are many things of interest in this city but the one thing is the Cathedral. I entered it first on Easter Sunday."

Most of the month of April was spent in Venice—and on the 26th they started for Athens by way of Brindisi, stopping on the way at Bologna.

"May 1, 1882.—Reached Corfu at 10 A. M., having had a most delightful sail. The waters were calm and the moon at its full. It was so bright I could read on deck, and all night the moon shone through the port hole and filled my stateroom with light."

"May 3, 1882.—At Kalamaki we took steamer for the Piraeus. The sunset was something to see but not to describe. I have seen gorgeous sunsets from the southern shore of Lake Erie, but I have never seen such a sunset as this. The clear air, the orange red clouds, the dazzling splendor was all that mortal eye could gaze upon. Then came on the soft grays of twilight—when some one shouted 'Athens!' We turned and there, clear cut against the

Hymettus for a background, we could see the Acropolis crowned by the Parthenon. As the light of the sun died away the full moon came out; and the full moon in Greece is four full moons in America."

"Athens, May 8, 1882.—Visited in company with Mr. Baldwin a Mission School founded by Mr. and Mrs. Hill of America. This school is now recognized by all Greeks as a public benefit. It was founded 50 years ago and the founders still live to see the results of their labors. It has never been the object of this school to found a separate church. To teach the Bible is the first object. The Bible is the text book studied the first hour every morning. Jews and Greeks alike are received. 'Nothing prevents our having all the children of Athens but want of accommodation,' said one teacher.

"A Jewess refused to study the New Testament. 'She did not wish to learn of Christ.' This was repeated to the head teacher. 'Well,' was the answer, 'teach her Moses and the prophets.' This was done. In a few weeks she began writing to Venice, to Constantinople and various parts of Italy—'Come to Athens, here is a school where you can learn and still be left free in your religion.' The result was students came from all these places, and the authorities hardly knew what to do with their numbers."

"May 10, 1882.—Left Athens for Smyrna at 2 P. M. The sea smooth and the skies friendly. We all regretted leaving Athens. Its clear atmosphere and marvelous sunshine were alone enough to make us linger. Then its history speaks to you from every hill and ruin. I know I shall always want to go back again.

"We stopped at Chios and reached Smyrna on the morning of the 11th. Smyrna is a bit of the Orient. You feel you are in Asia. Camels go noiselessly through

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the streets laden with rugs and shawls from the interior. Strange to say our hotel is kept by a German woman. It is not of the best but more than we were led to expect in Smyrna."

"May 13, 1882.—Embarked for Constantinople on a steamer from Beyrout. Again favored with smooth seas. At 8 P. M. stopped at Mitylene, the same that Paul visited, and stayed until 2 o'clock in the morning and then set sail for Tenedos. All along the coast we could see distant Mount Ida and the land made immortal by Homer. We reached Constantinople just as the sun was rising but a thin fog hung over the city, so that we did not get that imposing view which is so often spoken of by travelers."

The sight-seeing of Constantinople kept them busy but they found time to go to Robert College and the Girls' School at Scutari; they also saw the Sultan on his way to prayer.

"May 23, 1882.—Left Constantinople at 3:30 P. M. The sail up the Bosphorus was delightful, past palaces and palatial homes, past the towers of Europe and the towers of Asia, past Robert College that stands like a beacon light on the European side. It may some day cast its light across the waters and far inland to the dark regions of Central Asia. We came to the Black Sea at sunset and the next morning were at Varna."

Journeying through Bulgaria and Roumania the party at length reached Vienna and there spent several days.

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"Vienna, June 8, 1882.—A great fete day in Vienna, the Corpus Christi procession. From a dentist's window on the Graben we saw the moving panorama of splendor. Nothing I have ever seen could compare for gorgeousness. 'My Lord Mayor's Show' was dull in comparison. The church dignitaries, the Emperor with uncovered head, the city fathers, members of the court, mounted soldiers and foot soldiers all in gala dress marched from the Royal Palace to the Cathedral.

"In the evening I said good-bye to my friends and alone started for Liverpool. Two nights and one day brought me to Brussels where I stopped for rest. I came by way of Passau, Wurtzburg, Mainz and Cologne. Stopped at a hotel next door to the U. S. Consul, Dr. Wilson. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson were very kind, inviting me every evening to take tea with them. Through their advice I gave up the idea of going to Liverpool and took passage on the *Nederland* June 17. The *Nederland* belongs to the Red Star Line and sails from Antwerp to New York."

"On board the S. S. *Nederland*, June 17, 1882.—Have spent a week at Brussels; hoped to see much of Belgium and Holland in that time, but it rained every day and I gave up one excursion after another. Came this morning from Brussels; visited the Cathedral and saw the great paintings of Rubens; at 2 P. M. came on board and here I expect to remain for 14 days."

"July 1, 1882.—Reached New York but not in time to land."

"July 2, 1882.—Custom House Officers—friends—Dr. and Mrs. Warner."

The diary notes Dr. and Mrs. Lucien C. Warner among the friends who bade her "godspeed" when she sailed away months before; and it is they who bid her welcome when she returns. This life-long friendship, Mrs. Johnston justly regarded as a life-long blessing, a friendship which added much to the happiness and success of her life and which descended unchanged and unlessened to the second generation.

VIII.

COLLEGE LIFE. A BUILDING PERIOD.

Arriving in time to make a home visit, she was at her post of duty upon the opening of the college year of 1882-83. Her year of foreign travel had been of greatest benefit, physically, and spiritually. Travel was to her always the highest kind of mental stimulation. She had studied the art and architecture of Spain and of Italy; she had comprehended as is only possible upon the field,—“the glory that was Rome and the beauty that was Greece.” She had caught a breath from the East at Smyrna and at Constantinople.

She had done this under the happiest conditions, with the most congenial companions, so that her natural genius for good fellowship and keen appreciation of the passing moment, her desire for historical research and her love of art study had full, free play. She returned broadened by knowledge of the world, comprehending “many men and nations,” with the past dramatized as it were in her brain, visualized,—a visualization which was always the especial charm and value of her teaching. From this time the history of Rome was a drama whose *dramatis personae* she herself knew, whose homes she had visited, whose life she com-

prehended. The history of Civilization was a march along a pathway much of which she had seen. No wonder the students crowded to her class-room.

She returned to find the Society Hall still unprovided for. In these days of easy gifts to colleges and schools, reaching beyond thousands into millions, it seems astonishing that it should have been such hard work to raise a few thousand dollars. But so it was,—in fact the leaders of the Societies were not altogether sure but at the last they should be brought to the point of auctioning their books and trinkets in order to raise the money. However, Mrs. Johnston now took the helm and it was not long before the \$3,000 pledge was filled; and in addition Miss Susan M. Sturges, of Mansfield, gave \$5,000 and named the building. The trustees did their part and *The Review* of February 16, 1883, records that Sturges Hall is nearly completed, upon the plot of ground formerly occupied by Laboratory Hall.

Mrs. Johnston always regretted that the quaint, little, old Laboratory Hall was torn down instead of being incorporated with the new building and so preserved as a monument of the early time.

The Societies found the furnishing of their new rooms a second money problem toward which, judging from the columns of *The Review*, every-

body lent a hand. We read in the issue of November 17, 1883:

"Mrs. Elizabeth R. Lord who is now living in Oberlin, met Mrs. Johnston lately and told her if she would call, \$50 would be added to the Sturges Hall fund. Mrs. Johnston invited the Fourth Years to accompany her,—all report a pleasant time. We may add that Mrs. Johnston and the Fourth Years stand ready at any time to make calls upon similar terms."

We have one sidelight upon the enterprise. At the Thanksgiving prayer-meeting of November, 1883, Mrs. Johnston enumerates among other reasons for thankfulness, that Sturges Hall is built. Apart from a burden lifted, the building itself was a source of satisfaction. It housed the two Literary Societies admirably, it also gave an attractive audience room large enough to accommodate the entire student body of women, it gave a suitable place for the Art lectures, it was the History class-room. She always regarded the building with peculiar affection, born possibly of the effort to get it. The audience-room she always called her own and jealously guarded it from injury during all the years that she was Principal and Dean. Many visitors still regard the little building as the gem of the college collection.

Mrs. Johnston herself did not again return to residence in the Ladies Hall. Both physician and friends were unwilling that she should subject her-

self to what nervous exhaustion might come therefrom; she bowed to their wishes and the Ladies Hall again became the recognized home of the Assistant Principal.

At the Commencement of June, 1884, her Assistant very unexpectedly resigned her position. Mrs. Johnston was to leave town the next morning upon an extended journey and what to do she did not know. Suddenly she recollected that Mrs. Lord, she who had given the \$50 for an afternoon call, was in the village, and at once found and begged her to take the office work for the summer. She consented and the Principal went away satisfied and at ease. Upon her return in September the work had been so efficiently done that in due time, by vote of the Trustees, Mrs. Lord became Assistant Principal and so remained for the next sixteen years—until 1900.

In many respects Mrs. Lord was a remarkable woman. One of the early students of the college, she began teaching when still in her teens. After her marriage to Dr. Asa D. Lord they worked together in the Blind Asylum at Columbus, Ohio, and afterward for many years in an Institution for the Blind at Batavia, N. Y. She became marvellously successful in teaching the blind to read, and after Dr. Lord's death she was for two years Superintendent of the Institution, but finally resigned and made her home in Oberlin. The

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blind children were so distressed at her going away that to comfort them she promised to write; and there were years when she wrote more than a thousand letters annually to her "blind children." Her occupancy of the Assistant's place was most opportune and most helpful.

All this time Mrs. Johnston continues both her teaching and her social activities as well as her administrative duties. One afternoon each week for an hour she is at home to any and all of the students. As one reports, "She never turned you away, she welcomed everyone, she always had time to listen and to help." She is frequently invited to neighboring towns and cities to address clubs, schools, societies, missionary meetings, social gatherings; and frequently represents the College before the Alumni. She is interested in all the student activities, is often seen on the Athletic Field at the baseball games. All student interests are her interests,—student life ever touches her life.

She was ever a dreamer of dreams for the College; ever thinking what could be done to make it more useful, more prosperous. Among her hopes was the establishment of a Botanical Garden,—several beginnings were made,—one in the year of 1885, but there was no money to sustain it, and as student effort is not continuous, the enterprise at the time was unsuccessful, although she never for-

got and later made the beginning of an arboretum. Another was the development of Physical Training for girls upon broad educational lines. At this time there was an indifferent gymnasium for the men, but nothing, indifferent or otherwise, for the women. She often told me how for years she had studied the problem, had turned it over and over in mind, had tried to plan a beginning and how hopeless it looked, when all at once the situation cleared. She received a letter from a young graduate of Dr. Sargent's School in Boston—Dr. Delphine Hanna, of Fairport, N. Y.—applying for the position of Physical Director. Having conferred with President Fairchild, who instructed her to see what could be done, she wrote to Dr. Hanna: "We want you but have no money yet; as I am going to New York I will stop and see you." The outcome of that visit was that Miss Julia Dickinson, of Fairport, N. Y., pledged a few hundred dollars annually for several years and Dr. Hanna began her work in September, 1885, serving the first year simply for her expenses.

The need of additional accommodations in the Ladies Hall for students and servants had determined the Trustees to add a wing to the building, and on the ground floor of this, a room, 29x44 feet, was reserved for a gymnasium. From these narrow beginnings the School of Physical Training for Women has developed, until now not only the

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students are cared for by continual observation and individual attention, but a Teachers' Course in Physical Training has been established; the first Normal Course in the United States to require a college diploma for graduation.

The dream of 1885 has become the fruition of 1911; with representatives of the department as teachers in Universities, Colleges, Schools and Y. W. C. Associations all over the land. It is fitting, as Dr. Hanna records in a review of the results of her twenty-five years of most successful administration of the department, that the Girls' Field and House should bear the name of Dickinson, in honor of her whose timely aid made the department possible.

On the sixth of January, 1886, the Ladies Hall burned. The fire was supposed to have originated from a defective flue in the attic and was discovered just after midnight. A blinding snowstorm with north-east wind was raging at the time and after a few hours only the outer walls were standing with the exception of the wing containing the Women's Gymnasium. No lives were lost though one hundred young women were asleep in the building when the fire started, and the flames spread rapidly. The occupants saved most of their effects—their greatest loss was in the destruction of trunks in the attic. Mrs. Johnston was not living in the Hall at the time, having left it as a residence

when her health failed in 1880 and she had never returned.

The Prudential Committee decided to rebuild at once, but where to get the money for this was the important question. Before two weeks had passed President Fairchild, Mrs. Johnston and the Treasurer, Mr. Marsh, had left for the East. A few weeks afterward we find Mrs. Johnston in Cleveland and we quote *The Review*:

March 6, 1886.—“The latest gifts came last Monday through the hands of our Lady Principal; \$20,000 from Mr. E. I. Baldwin, of Cleveland, for the purpose of erecting a cottage partly to take the place of the Ladies Hall, and \$800 from Mrs. Mary Severance for its furnishing. Since the money was unsought and unexpected, the voluntary token of the generosity of friends, there is expressed by the donors more kindly feeling and greater real beneficence than much larger donations sometimes stand for. The question whether the Ladies Hall shall be rebuilt, or cottages instead, seems to be in part settled.”

Mrs. Johnston's own story of the incident may be interesting. “We had only a few thousand dollars,” she said, “and I felt anxious. So I went in to Cleveland and called upon Mr. Baldwin at his place of business. I did not mean to ask him for anything, but just tell the situation. I thought he might give something, perhaps a thousand dollars. He listened attentively to my story, said he had long been thinking of doing something for

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Oberlin, and without saying how much quietly wrote a check and handed me. When I saw how much it was, I was dazed. I had no words to thank him properly. As I left his office I fairly walked on air. I made my way to the home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Solon Severance and there Madam Severance promised \$800 for the furnishing. I never expect to be so happy again as I was that day."

After the knowledge of this gift became common property, a Cleveland friend rather chided Mr. Baldwin for giving so much money to Oberlin when Cleveland had so many needs. Mr. Baldwin urged in extenuation of his conduct that he had investigated and it seemed to him that Oberlin gave more educationally for a dollar than any other school that he knew, and, "beside," he said, while his eyes twinkled, "you know, Mrs. Baldwin and I think a great deal of Mrs. Johnston."

In April both Professor Ellis and Mrs. Johnston gave up their classes to go and seek funds for another building. It was estimated that \$30,000 with the insurance funds would be sufficient to erect a second dormitory and the two would house as many students as were formerly accommodated in the Ladies Hall. She returned from her first trip completely worn out, but after a few days rest

started a second time. We again quote *The Review*:

June 12, 1886.—“A telegram from Mrs. Johnston May 30 announces to us the welcome tidings that \$20,000 has been donated by Mr. and Mrs. James Talcott, of New York, to be applied to the building of a cottage to take the place of Ladies Hall. Talcott Hall will certainly be the appropriate name for the new building. Although Mr. Talcott has never been in Oberlin, he is already known to us as the founder of the Talcott Scholarship for self-supporting young women.”

It was not difficult to obtain the remaining sum necessary, and Mrs. Johnston returned from her eastern trip satisfied and gratified that the two buildings, Baldwin Cottage and Talcott Hall were assured.

On June 17, 1886, Miss Gertrude Baldwin laid the corner stone of Baldwin Cottage. By November the walls were plastered and the building was ready for occupation at the opening of the spring term of 1887. By Mr. Baldwin's express direction a suite of rooms was prepared for Mrs. Johnston; these she occupied as long as she remained an executive officer of the College.

At the opening of the spring term of 1887, Baldwin Cottage was occupied by thirty-one young women, and the dining-room had accommodations for a number of young men who came for their



BALDWIN COTTAGE.

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meals. Of the life that went on there we have *The Review's* record:

September 27, 1887—"At the vibration of a musical sounding alarm in Baldwin Cottage, thirty-one young ladies are awakened from their slumbers to their daily duties and the delights of their chosen home. Punctually at 7 A. M. the dining room is opened. At the head of the first table at the right beams a face that we all love and admire. There ought to be and always are eighteen young men present. The topics of conversation are many and varied, from the discussion of the delightful sensation produced by taking a header from a bicycle, one is transported to the art galleries and museums of the old world. One thing especially commendable is the quiet orderly way in which the tables are served."

Talcott Hall was ready for occupation in the Fall term of 1887, accommodating seventy young women.

The years of 1883 to 1887 mark the height of what is known as the first Great Building-Period of the College. Not only were Baldwin College and Talcott Hall included, but during this time Dr. and Mrs. Warner completed the noble building which bears their name; Peters Hall was built and Spear Library. The year 1887 brought also to Mrs. Johnston a personal grief—the death of her mother, after a long and painful illness.

The pleasant auditorium of Sturges Hall and the beautiful home in Baldwin Cottage made it possible for Mrs. Johnston to live a fuller life and

to exercise a broader influence than ever before. She was able to meet all the students in General Exercises—she could invite visiting celebrities to address them. She inaugurated a series of afternoon teas when she and the Seniors of Baldwin were at home to their friends; she entertained the Faculty and the Townspeople; there were merry-makings for the Cottage family; there were receptions for all the different classes of students—yet all the time standards of conduct and of scholarship never swerved from a lofty and noble ideal. Her influence broadened and deepened.

We hear of her by way of *The Review* appearing before the Congregational Club of Boston with the Presidents of Wellesley and Smith as her associate speakers. She goes as delegate to the Home Missionary Society at St. Paul and speaks upon the subject, *How to Win Our Country For Christ*. Of this address the *Congregationalist* of September 30, 1886, says:

“The address by Mrs. Johnston, of Oberlin, had the true ring of the institution which she represents. It showed for one thing that she apprehended profoundly the present American situation, the peril and the remedy.”

She goes to Cleveland and talks to the working girls upon the conditions of their lives. She attends Alumni meetings in Chicago, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, New York, and many smaller places.

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Wherever she goes she is always welcome, always contributes something worth while, always makes friends for Oberlin. This representation of the broader interests of the college which began in the early '80's continued throughout her entire life. Her devotion was single-hearted, Oberlin's interests were her interests, its welfare was her welfare, its success was her heart's desire.

The decade of the '80's marked the adjustment of the College to the new educational ideals. The elective system at first introduced with caution had become the recognized policy of the College, laboratory teaching was the recognized method in the sciences. A great library was growing up.



Mrs. JOHNSTON IN 1888.

IX.

COLLEGE LIFE. VISIT TO NORTH CAPE. RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT FAIRCHILD.

After the strenuous years of '86 and '87, Mrs. Johnston felt the need of rest and recreation and leaving Oberlin a few days before the Commencement of 1888 she sailed from New York for Liverpool in company with Dr. and Mrs. Warner and their daughter. The ultimate destination of the party was the North Cape. According to her custom she kept a diary of her wanderings.

"June 21, 1888.—Reached Liverpool after a most delightful voyage. No storm, no rough sea."

The party journeyed to Chester, then to Rowsley,—the note upon the Peacock Inn is "quaint, quainter, quaintest." They visited Hadon Hall and Chatsworth, and finally reached Oxford on June 24. The regulations of student life in Oxford greatly interested her and she records them as follows, under the heading: *What We Learned About Student Life*—

"(a) Students do not like the cap and gown.

"(b) When caught in the town after dark without it they are fined half a sovereign.

"(c) They are required by the rules of their college to be in by ten; in case they are out until half past eleven they are fined.

"(d) No student is allowed to board and room except in houses licensed by the University and each household having university roomers is obliged to send a written report to the University authorities, definitely stating if the rules have been broken and how many times. In case a householder should fail to report a delinquent student he would be in danger of losing his license.

"(e) In the hall of one college we read: 'During vacation the gates will be locked at 10 P. M. Students must be in their rooms by this time and their friends must be *out*.'"

From Oxford the party went to Stratford, then to Warwick, Kenilworth, and Leamington, finally reaching London. Leaving London, July 7, they stopped at Lincoln, and after visiting the Cathedral made their way to Hull.

"July 10-12, 1888.—Sailed from Hull on the S. S. Domino for the North Cape, on a yachting cruise conducted by Captain Tholander. There are fifty passengers. The passage across the North Sea could hardly be surpassed in its disagreeableness. Only thirteen passengers were able to be at the table. Captain Thorlander says that in five years he has not seen such a summer voyage. The sun did not appear once. The water was a dull gray and the sky of the same sombre hue. It seemed as if we should never see the coast of Norway, and that if we did the sight would bring no pleasure, but when on the morning of July 12 we came in sight of land, the sun shone bright, the ship ceased to roll, one after another of

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the passengers came on deck and when at 6 P. M. we came into the harbor of Stavanger, the world had suddenly grown bright again and life was worth living. Stavanger has a beautiful old church. We walked through the town, the houses are of wood with many windows and no chimney pots. We stayed for a few hours and then sailed for Bergen. We seem to have left behind us all storms and dull clouds, and come to the land of perpetual sunshine."

I find in this diary a description without date which I transcribe:

"This entire western coast is lined with innumerable islands that give quiet inland seas that are undisturbed by the storms of the Atlantic and into these quiet seas we sailed. Norway is interesting; it might be compared to a beautiful piece of irregular fringe adorning the west coast of Sweden. It might also be said that this was heavily embroidered with mountains having for high lights the eternal snows and for shadows the darkly wooded mountain sides and deep valleys. For Norway is largely made up of strips of land with interstices of water. These interstices are called fjords, they are arms of the sea that penetrate into the very heart of the country and often nearly across it. I remember that once standing at the prow of the vessel the Captain said, 'You are looking into Sweden.'

"Imagine yourself sailing up one of the fjords. At first there is a wide reach of waters, but these suddenly narrow down to the proportions of a majestic river. But it is a river that has no distinct current, its waters rise and fall with the daily tides. The shores do not stretch away into level plains, for fjords are guarded by moun-

tains. These mountains may modestly retire a short distance from the water's edge in which case you have narrow strips of arable land; they may gradually slope back and then you have farming lands far up the mountain side, or they may lift themselves by steps and then you have valuable plateaus. Often these mountains rise sheer from the water's edge from 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. These mountains are not individual but connected peaks, overlapping and folding upon each other until they make a continuous wall. On the tops of these mountains rest great fields of snow and ice reaching for many miles, and down from these ice-fields come great glaciers, scratching, grinding, breaking their way. A fjord usually ends in a valley, *dal* as they are called in Norway, and it makes a pleasant break in your journey to leave the steamer and make an excursion up this valley either by carriage or saddle."

"Bergen, July 13, 1888.—With sterile mountains for a background, beautiful Bergen rises and falls over its seven hills, circles around its curving shores, spreads back to its green table lands and seems to say—see what nature may do when for a contrast she holds Greenland in one hand and Bergen in the other."

"Veblingsnæs, July 14, 1888.—Veblingsnæs is on the Romsdal fjord which is a branch of the Morda fjord. We drove 26 miles up the Romsdal and spent the night in a country inn, and everyone enjoyed our new experiences. The Norwegians are a very kind and simple folk.

"It is impossible to describe the beauties of the Romsdal. The valley is narrow with high mountains on either side. Through this valley flows the Romna, a clear mountain torrent that rushes and roars over its rocky bed as it hastens on to the sea. For ages the road and the river have contended for the right of way. In

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the winter when the water sources are frozen the highway lies along the bed of the stream—but when the summer suns have unlocked the flood gates the waters come down in great power and volume. This is greatly increased by the innumerable streams formed from the gathered waters of the falls that pour over the sides of the rocky walls. In a drive of eight miles we counted 94 of these falls and in the whole drive 202. Some of these fall a thousand feet without a break, then striking against the rocks are broken in a myriad of cascades."

"S. S., July 20, 1888.—Passed a rocky promontory Sværholthlubben, the home of millions of birds mostly sea-gulls. The firing of a cannon sent them whirling into the air. North Cape is an abrupt rock 1,000 feet from the water. It is cloudy so that we cannot see the sun distinctly. Some of the passengers climb to the top of the rock, others stay on the steamer. Beautiful flowers grow in the crevices of the rocks; nothing surprises me more than the abundance of flowers in Norway. I found three species of *Ranunculus* here and *Viola striata*, as well as a blue violet that was quite new to me."

"Hammerfest, July 21, 1888.—The northernmost town in the world. Nothing surprises me more than the number of children here, they remind me of the gulls at Bird-rock. They swarm in the streets, clean, happy children, comfortably dressed, always wearing good stockings and shoes.

"I found a little boy twelve years old who had studied German at school. He knew nothing of conversational German, but he had some knowledge of construction and a limited vocabulary. We struck up a friendship which lasted through the day. It was really very delightful to see him study over a German sentence slowly repeating it

to himself and when he came to a knowledge of its meaning a sweet smile of delight would spread itself over his face. We climbed to the top of a high hill that lies behind the town. When we came to a steep place he turned and gave me his hand. I wanted to see some reindeer moss, but Christian could not understand what I wanted. Then I asked him what reindeer ate, he said rein moss. 'Yes,' I said, 'I want to see some rein moss.' 'Then you must remain here while I go farther,' he said. I sat down on a rock and he ran away to a still higher point; when he returned he brought some soft light gray, almost white, moss, which he gave to me with a polite bow, 'this is rein moss.' He was very curious about Dr. Warner's photographic outfit and when the Doctor let him look in and see the projected picture he was greatly pleased. When I told him that I wanted him to stand still, that we might take his picture, he removed his cap and seemed to think it was a very grave occasion. He wrote his name for me in a clear bold hand and I gave him my card. He followed me to the boat and stood on the wharf until the ship sailed away.

"As we were descending the hill he said, 'Have you any children?' I shall never forget the ineffable sweetness of his face as he looked up after studying my answer, 'No, I have no children, so I claim all children for mine.' I told him that if he grew up a good man when he was 21 years old he could come to America and I would help him to a good situation and be his friend."

It is interesting to know that later the boy came to America, the acquaintance was renewed and he became an American citizen.

"Fronnheim, July 24, 1888.—It almost seemed like getting home to anchor once more at Fronnheim. How

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much we had seen and experienced since we left this beautiful city for the North Cape. We did not have a good view of the midnight sun at the Cape, we saw it but not clearly. The next night, however, July 21, our little company sat in the prow of the steamer through most of the night. We saw the sun fall to its lowest point and then move majestically to the east. It was a glorious night, low clouds hung on the mountains and the sunlight sifted through like gold dust. The ocean was red and gray and purple. A great rock at our right, lifted itself a thousand feet from the water, a light cloud permeated with sunlight rested upon it. Its own shadow thrown toward us seemed to separate it from the earth and suggested to one of our company that here was the Valhalla of the old Vikings."

The tourists' course in Norway consists in visiting one fjord after another and each one more beautiful and more wonderful than those that had been seen before. The crowning experience of the trip was driving across Norway to Christiania, a journey of a week. I transcribe the account of the last two days:

"August 2, 1888.—A wonderful day! A wonderful ride! As we had climbed the day before, so now we descended by long, slow descent, winding around projecting mountains, along the edges of precipices, feeling perfectly sure of our little horses, whose feet never slipped or stumbled, sometimes for miles they never slackened their pace. They whirled past rocks and trees as if ambitious to leave everything behind. One of our party said it was like tobogganing. I only was conscious that for once life was not a suppression."

ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

"August 3, 1888.—Our last day in the carriage brought us from Fagerlund to Odnäs. The drive was not so exciting but still very beautiful, the country rich and productive. The peasants were more like our farmers. We saw mowing machines and rakes. The hay was no longer put upon ropes to dry but spread on the ground and when ready for the barn piled in cocks. We stopped for dinner at a Norwegian Sanitorium. The afternoon ride brought us to Odnäs where we found no suitable accommodations, which was surprising as we were in a rich farming country and but a day's drive from Christiania. After supper our drivers sent in for us and we went out to the court in front of the hotel to bid them good-bye."

At this point the diary ends, but we know that the party reached Christiania and in due time sailed from Liverpool to New York.

At the opening of the college year we find Mrs. Johnston in her place greatly refreshed and invigorated by her northern journey. The recent appointment of a college Registrar relieved her office of much clerical work which with the increasing number of students was becoming a serious burden.

It is interesting to note that for the first time she speaks at Thursday lecture. We recall that it is just ten years since *The Review* plaintively enquired why, since Mrs. Johnston was a member of the Faculty, the students never heard her at Thurs-

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day lecture? They are now to have the opportunity and the record runs as follows:

October 23, 1888.—“The lecture last Thursday was given by Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston. That her response to the desire of the students to hear her give a Thursday lecture was highly appreciated was shown by the hearty round of applause when she appeared and that the lecture pleased all who heard it was shown by the heartier round when she closed. She gave an account of her summer trip to Norway and closed with a masterly description of the Midnight Sun.”

This Thursday lecture formed the basis of the address, *Norway and the Midnight Sun*, which was one of the most pleasing of her addresses and which she gave twice the last year of her life.

Evidently tardiness at meals troubled housekeepers of Baldwin as well as other housekeepers and we read:

November 6, 1888.—“Mrs. Johnston has promised to throw open her private parlors at Baldwin Cottage for an evening social to the table which presents a clean week’s record of promptness of attendance on meals. The rivalry between tables has been great as to which shall be the first to gain the coveted honor.”

It is very rare that college students become articulate about either their studies or their teachers and consequently I quote entire an editorial which appeared in *The Review* of November 20, 1888:

"The members of Mrs. Johnston's Guizot Class have certainly had a delightful term's work this fall. The text book itself is exceedingly interesting both from the nature of its matter and the style of its author. The usual study of the so-called facts of history fails of interest or even becomes wearisome, but the philosophy of history, the discovery of the relation of its events, of their causes and results cannot but be of absorbing interest. The manner of conducting the recitation has been half of its pleasure and value. The teacher seems to belong to the class and we doubt if any other could fill the place so well. A great deal has thus been gained outside the text book. One point has been special drill on the 'divine art of putting,' of being able to impart ideas readily, definitely, and concisely. A part of the requirement lay in giving a certain topic in a certain time, marked by the clock, as the review of a chapter in twenty-five minutes, and those who have attempted the five minute recitations have found them by no means as easy a task as might be supposed. It is surprising how deficient we all are in this respect; the average daily recitation bears witness to it, and it is largely true even among college graduates.

"The regular work being completed before the end of the term, the class have the privilege of listening to a series of Art lectures containing the results of personal study and increased much in

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interest by the opportunity of studying many photographs of the pictures. The hours spent in the History class will always be foremost among the pleasant memories of our college life."

By 1889 Oberlin had developed and advanced along many lines, but from the undergraduate point of view the College had two great needs. It was without a college yell and had no distinctive college colors; intercollegiate Baseball was already established; intercollegiate Football and Field Athletics were well under way,—and what was life without a yell and a flag? Ashes and dust, of course. A meeting of all the students was called and anybody who believed he had any ability to evolve a college yell was invited to send his contribution to the committee in charge. Among other competitors was Professor Charles Henry Churchill, the all-round genius of the Faculty. "What is desired," he said in his letter to the committee, "is a clear, easy, hilarious yell; having unity, variety, and rhythm." Whoever has heard the Oberlin yell shouted on an athletic field by hundreds of enthusiastic students—Hi, Oh, *Hi*; Oh, Hi, *Oh*; Hi, Hi, *Oh*, Hi; O-ber-lin—will agree that its author fulfilled the conditions he laid down.

The next great need was that of college colors. The Faculty appointed a committee composed of Professor Frost, Professor Churchill and Mrs.

Johnston to co-operate with the students' committee. The college colors of crimson and gold were the outcome of their labors. They hoped at first to obtain the colors of the Oberlin family of Switzerland, provided they had any. It became clear by investigation that Pastor Oberlin had neither coat of arms nor crest of any kind; but it seems that his elder brother was a man of considerable repute and that he had a crest in which crimson and gold figured. The entire matter becomes somewhat hazy when one pushes for the absolute facts—however, the selection was excellent, whether based upon an Oberlin crest or evolved by the committee.

Early in 1889 the Fairchild Professorship of \$50,000 was completed, and every one knew that when June came President Fairchild would definitely retire from the Presidency, having reached the age of seventy years. For twenty-two years he had wisely guided the fortunes of the College and was leaving it prosperous, both spiritually and physically. The only cloud on the horizon was the problem of finding his successor.

With the retirement of President Fairchild and the failure of the Trustees immediately to fill the vacancy, the burden of college administration fell upon a small group of older men: Professors Churchill, Ellis, Monroe and Wright, together with Mrs. Johnston, bore the heat and burden of

the day. There were younger Professors who did their best—in fact, each did well in his degree.

Mrs. Johnston was never more catholic in her activities than now. She possessed the social poise of a woman of the world; she had become a speaker of charm and distinction; she was a wise and successful administrator, as well as teacher of a rare and unusual type. "She saw life steadily and saw it whole," and had become one to whom all occasions are equal and who was equal to all occasions. She meets her daily class, she fulfills the requirements of General Exercises, she promotes the social life of the students, she entertains distinguished guests, she frequently represents the College before the Alumni and before the public. The Senior men of '89 ask her for a General Exercise which she gives them, and they walk home therefrom thoughtfully. She seems never to have lost her power of surprising the students. We read of their knowing her to be fifty miles away the night before, at a place having no direct railroad connection with Oberlin, and they wonder to find her calm and smiling in her accustomed place the next morning at eight o'clock. "It was quite evident all the members of the class did not expect her," says *The Review*. A ride of ten miles over country roads in the early morning had not entered into the calculations of all the students.

X.

COLLEGE LIFE. PROFESSOR OF MEDIÆVAL HISTORY.

The year 1890 is marked by two events. First, Mrs. Johnston is made by the recommendation of the Faculty and vote of the Trustees, Professor of Mediæval History; the second, not so personal to herself but which she considered the more important of the two, was the definite passing of the Literary Course. The catalogue of 1890 announced that this course was to be reorganized but as a matter of fact it never appeared again; after a little hesitation and wavering for a year or two, the college authorities definitely settled upon two courses: the Classical and the Modern Language, known as Philosophical, each obtaining its own degree. All graduates from the Literary Course subsequent to 1890 were those who had already entered it and were not deprived of the privilege of completing their work. Mrs. Johnston now offered lectures upon the History of Renaissance Painting—as a two-hour course in connection with Mediæval History.

In February, 1891, William G. Ballantine, Professor in the Theological Seminary and a most successful teacher of Hebrew, was elected the suc-

cessor of President Fairchild and entered at once upon the duties of his office.

The first Great Building-Period which began with Sturges Hall in 1883 closed with Lord Cottage in 1892. The erection of this building came about in a most interesting way. One evening to a few friends gathered in her parlor Mrs. Johnston happened to relate what she had been doing that day. The daughters of a missionary had unexpectedly arrived, serene in the confidence that all that was necessary to do was to arrive, in order that doors should fly open and college arrangements make themselves. She had spent the better part of the day trying to find them a boarding place; every desirable house was full and she was troubled. Then partly to herself and partly to the others she went on—"We really ought to have a cottage where missionaries' and clergymen's children should have the first right,—a cottage that would be comfortable and not too expensive. I really must go out and see if I cannot raise the money for such a building—we ought to have one." The conversation drifted elsewhere and the matter was for the moment forgotten.

The next morning when Mrs. Johnston was alone in her office at Talcott Hall, Mrs. Lord came in and laid a paper before her saying "That is for your missionary children's cottage."

As Mrs. Johnston told the story:—"I unfolded the paper and to my astonishment found it a check for \$10,000. I remonstrated, I told Mrs. Lord that I could not take it, that she ought not to give so much, but she quietly said, 'Let me explain. All my life I have been a wage-earner, and many years ago I determined when I had leisure that I would go to Europe. So I began to put money aside for that purpose and I have added to the original sum but have never taken from it. It is now fully \$10,000. I did not have time to go abroad when I was young, and I know now that I shall never go—and I want you to have that money for your cottage.' There was nothing to do but take it, gratefully."

This was the autumn of 1889. Mrs. Johnston found little difficulty in supplementing the gift so that on June 18, 1892, Mrs. Lord laid the corner stone of Lord Cottage.

It is always a matter of interest what people put into corner stones. One's mind runs forward to the coming years and wonders how posterity will regard these treasures that are so carefully laid up for them. The tiny models of household and agricultural implements found in the foundation stones of Egyptian buildings are among the most interesting survivals of the ancient world. It is difficult to tell what is great or what is small viewed in the light of centuries to come.

And so I transcribe the list of objects placed in the corner stone of Lord Cottage as published at the time, wondering what the people of 2200 A. D., should the building survive that long, will regard as the most interesting and valuable of the collection. The list follows:

A Memorial of Jeremiah Butler.

Photographs of Mrs. Lord and of the Glee Club.

Inaugural Address of President Ballantine.

Baccalaureate Address of Professor Monroe.

Hi-O-Hi for '92.

The Orations of the last Oratorical Contest.

Copies of *The Review* and various other papers.

The building was completed and ready for occupancy in the autumn of 1892. Its original cost was \$17,000 of which Mrs. Lord contributed \$11,000.

In the summer of 1892 Mrs. Johnston went to Italy for Art study. It was a summer of cholera in Europe—and *The Review* records that upon her return she was so fortunate as to escape with only twenty-four hours quarantine in New York. She brought back a large number of excellent photographs of paintings to illustrate her Art lectures which had now become not only part of the elective curriculum of the College but were in request by clubs and associations in the neighboring towns and cities.

The summer of 1893 was a busy one because of the World's Fair at Chicago. Oberlin maintained a booth in the Educational Building and this became a place of meeting for friends and alumni. For three weeks Mrs. Johnston set aside Monday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 when she would be at home there to receive her own and the friends of the College. Here she renewed old friendships and formed new ones.

Oberlin was well represented upon the platform of the auditorium. Professor George F. Andrews who ranks among the foremost organists of the country gave an Organ Recital. Professor G. Frederick Wright made two addresses before the Congress of Religions. Dr. Delphine Hanna spoke before the Congress of Physical Culture. Mrs. Johnston made one address before the Educational Congress; one before the educational branch of the Congress of Religions and one before the Assembly in the Women's Building.

Among the notable exhibits of that exhibition was the collection of pictures of that Impressionist school of artists of which Claude Monet is the well known representative. This was the first time that the attention of the American public had been turned to this school and whoever remembers that period recalls the wide-spread discussion that was provoked by the pictures upon exhibition.

In illustration of the stimulating effect Mrs. Johnston's presence and conversation had upon those about her an incident provoked by these pictures will be apropos.

Shortly after the college year opened it chanced one day that the group of students sitting at her table in Baldwin Cottage were discussing the new school with its purple shadows and pink haystacks. The discussion waxed fast and furious, ranging from the derisive jingle,

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;

to a careful and discriminating analysis of the aims and results of this school of artists who painted "the gradation and reflections of sunbeams." Much of the discussion turned upon the question of fact. Mrs. Johnston's argument was simple and direct. These artists were experts, they had trained themselves to see and they could and did see atmospheric effects which to ordinary people were not apparent. Moreover, these men were honest. If Monet painted a pink haystack it was because he had seen one. She had never seen one but she had seen enough of atmospheric effects to believe it possible. At any rate, what was true in France was equally true in Oberlin;—and turning to two young men who lived on the outskirts of the town

and crossed the campus every morning on their way to breakfast, said, "Now, you watch, and when the morning of the pink haystack comes, let us know." The subject was dropped, the days drifted by, once in a while some inquiry was made but there was nothing to report; until one morning in mid-winter the young men came rushing into Baldwin Cottage saying, "Come to the campus, come quick, the haystacks are pink this morning." They hurried to the open space where the slanting rays of morning sunlight fell through crisp, frosty air,—and the light was pink. That morning in her after breakfast prayer Mrs. Johnston thanked Our Heavenly Father for the beauties of nature.

During this year Mrs. Johnston gave many art lectures, both at home and abroad; repeated her address upon Norway several times, once to aid the Athletic Association and attended many meetings of the Alumni.

As showing the interest in her work we again quote *The Review*:

January 25, 1893.—"Mrs. Johnston gave the first of her course of twelve Art lectures in Sturges Hall, Saturday afternoon. The subject was *Painting in the 13th Century*. She supposed the attendance would be small, but there were present over two hundred, among whom were all the clergymen of the town, many professors, business men, and busy women. A significant fact showing the interest taken in such subjects and showing also the popularity of Mrs. Johnston's lectures. The object

is to raise money to buy more photographs to illustrate her lectures."

The Sunday Afternoon prayer-meeting at the Ladies Hall was already a time-honored institution in 1870, and continued under the direction of Mrs. Johnston many years thereafter. Although held originally at the Ladies Hall, the meeting was always representative of the entire student body of women and after the building of Sturges Hall, it met there. In 1894 it was organized into the Young Women's Christian Association.

Miss Frances J. Hosford, of Oberlin, was for many years an attendant upon these meetings, and has kindly written some recollections of them, as follows:

"Mrs. Johnston always dominated those meetings with her great personality, but she never used a large proportion of the time, nor did she hold the remarks of the girls to any line which she had settled upon. I never remember her correcting what was said, except when she thought it might have a morbid influence; and she did not, and had no need to, urge the audience to take part. It was natural to do so, and to say our best, just as it was to talk well when with her, except that I fancy she must have been on her guard against her own consciousness that she could herself say it all better than the rest; and the talk was more general than she

sometimes let it become when one called upon her, for she had always plenty of interesting matter to which you would rather listen than talk yourself. There was vigor and life in the atmosphere of the meetings, nothing strained or formal, although they were quite after the type of the ordinary prayer-meeting of the time in their outward procedure.

"Once a month, the regular program gave way to a missionary meeting, led by one of the girls, and many have since witnessed, by life and by death, that they knew this service to be no mere form.

"Some of the memories of that time have come to be sacred. One is of Rowena Bird, a beautiful girl with dark hair and a sweet, thoughtful face, who was always there, and always in the same place near the front on the north side. Her name is on the martyr's arch. How little we thought that she, just a bright, pretty girl, like scores who are here now, would be called to lay down her life for her faith.

"I think that Mary Partridge, another of the 'noble army,' was also a constant attendant, but my memory of this is not so clear. One of the dearest recollections is that of Mrs. Lord, whose gracious and beautiful old age blessed so many generations of college girls. No weariness and no stress of weather could keep her away, and we knew that

many a girl was there in response to her loving invitation. Her very presence was a sermon on faithfulness, loyalty, and courtesy. But she rarely spoke a word in the meeting, and never led in prayer, since the standards of her early girlhood were so ingrained that it was only with the greatest effort that she could bring herself to disregard St. Paul's admonition about 'women' and 'silence.'

"I remember one little incident that amused Mrs. Johnston at the time, and is very illustrative. A lady came down from a neighboring city to stay awhile at Baldwin Cottage, and finish a book which she was writing or compiling. She made one or two remarks to Mrs. Johnston which showed that she was in a somewhat sensitive and unhappy state in her religious thinking, and, when Mrs. Johnston invited her to attend the meeting with her, she hesitated, asked whether she would be expected to take any part, and only went upon Mrs. Johnston's assurance that she would not. The discussion turned upon a matter that was of practical interest to her, and she probably thought that the girls had not the full city view of the problem. It was something about Sunday observance. She spoke twice! As Mrs. Johnston said laughingly afterward, 'I couldn't keep her still.' The lady did not suspect that she was 'taking part in meeting,' she thought she was only giving her views upon a matter of interest to the company!

"Two customs dwell among the hallowed memories of those days. At the beginning of each term, Mrs. Johnston read the 'Charity Chapter' of I. Corinthians. Just before Commencement as the last meeting which the Seniors would attend was about to close and the low western light was streaming through the windows, she opened the Bible at the last chapter of Revelation and in a voice vibrant with feeling, whose cadences even now are borne in memory across the tide of years she read:

" 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

" 'He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus.

" 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.'

"As to the part that this meeting had in training Mrs. Johnston as a speaker, it could not have done what the General Exercise did in forming the habit of connected address. But it may have helped greatly in teaching her to feel her audience. She never talked to the walls, but straight to every listener, and was always extremely sensitive to what she termed the electric lines between herself and her hearers. Of course there must be some guessing in every attempt to trace influences. But

that every Sunday night for years she put herself into mental and moral and spiritual connection with those girls, thinking with them and drawing them to think with her, is clear."

When the time came that it seemed wise to organize the Young Women's Christian Association as was done in January, 1894, it was necessary to do little more than to change the name and with the election of officers the organization emerged complete and efficient from the Sunday Afternoon prayer-meeting.

At the Trustee meeting of April, 1894, the title of Principal of the Women's Department was changed to that of Dean of the Women's Department, as more appropriate to the position and more befitting the dignity of the College. Although the title Principal was proper enough in the early days, the time had come when it was for the most part appropriated by the Secondary Schools and no longer a proper title for a college officer. The easy, pleasant college life went on and we find the record:

June 1, 1894.—"The party given by Mrs. Johnston to the graduating class each year is always eagerly anticipated and greatly enjoyed. This is doubly true of the delightful party given by her to the class of '94 last Saturday evening. Baldwin's lawn never looked prettier, and an arc light just in front of the entrance to the cottage added greatly. The Annual of this year was dedi-

cated to 'her who by precept and example has taught us the better part of many a lesson.' "

The Summer of 1894 she spent in Switzerland as chaperon to a group of youthful friends, the pleasant summer ending with a week at the musical festival at Bayreuth.

In New York, November 13, 1894, Mrs. Johnston gave the address, *Two Sides of a Shield* for the first time. This is a story of the Civil War which she learned when in Florida in 1880. Having given her promise not to tell it while the principal actor was living, she had waited fourteen years before doing so.

This visit to New York had an unexpected and most agreeable result. She chanced to meet Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who offered to build a skating rink in Oberlin for the girls, such as he had already built at Vassar and Mt. Holyoke. The offer was gratefully accepted and when Mrs. Johnston returned and announced the fact there was great enthusiasm. It was soon arranged that with proper restrictions the Rink should be open to all the students. The building was so placed as easily to be part of the women's gymnasium and by the last of January it was ready for use. A season ticket could be had by any student for the small fee of ten cents, which made possible a recorded list of skaters.

The Review gives the students' idea of the gift:

"The new Rockefeller Skating Floor is a success. It is just west of the Woman's Gymnasium and is connected with it by a short hallway. The floor has an area of six thousand square feet. It rests upon ninety solid piers, and is protected from the sun by a good roof. Below the roof, on all sides, there is an open space of three feet; this gives an abundance of light and air. Such a floor, shaded from the sun lengthens the skating season by some thirty days, but it is found that its usefulness is not confined to the winter months. Since the melting of the ice the building has served as a much needed extension to the gymnasium. It gives itself kindly to a great variety of uses. It is easily converted into a fine running track and no better place could be found for first lessons in wheel riding. Just now the floor is covered with cabalistic signs, but the initiated know that these are the prescribed markings of various games. Basketball seems to be the favorite of the hour. During the warm months there is no doubt that this will prove the favorite place for social gatherings. Picnics, class parties, alumni dinners, will naturally seek the cool airiness of the skating floor.

XI.

COLLEGE LIFE. RESIGNATION OF DEANSHIP.

In 1895 a few of the Alumnæ decided to move in the matter of founding a Professorship in honor of Mrs. Johnston. The thought was to raise \$30,000 from the Alumnæ in small sums, hoping the remainder needed to make \$50,000 could be obtained in some larger way. The success of the plan was assured through an initial gift by Miss Calista Andrews, who, with Miss Anna J. Wright and the writer, constituted the committee.

In the course of five years \$20,000 was pledged, for the most part in small sums of \$25 to \$100, and with a few exceptions wholly by women. Before the full amount was obtained, the larger movement of the Trustees to raise a half-million endowment was undertaken. When at last it was clear that in order to complete this sum by midnight of December 31, 1901, every resource of the College must be strained to the utmost, the committee turned over to the Trustees the money and pledges in hand. Of the \$20,000 pledged, the last official report gives \$12,524.33 as paid in. The payment of the remaining \$8,000 will not in the course of nature be long delayed. It would be gratifying to the many friends of Mrs. Johns-

ton if the Professorship could be completed soon. The enterprise was begun before there was any Carnegie Foundation and an arrangement was made that when Mrs. Johnston ceased to teach the income should be paid her during her life. As I shall not recur to this subject I will say to those who gave for love that love's wishes were fulfilled. The income of the Professorship was paid to Mrs. Johnston by the college authorities according to agreement, and although she was on the Carnegie Foundation this additional income made the difference in the last years of her life between easy and straitened expenditure.

In 1896 President Ballantine resigned his position and a second interregnum intervened. The burden of administration now rested on younger shoulders than those which bore it six years before; indeed, of the former, one had already passed beyond the border; Professor Ellis died in March, 1894. The situation was especially trying, for the College faced an annual deficit, and the full tide of monetary depression had set in.

Mrs. Johnston spent the summer of 1897 travelling through England and France; especially studying Cathedrals and Chateaux in France. She had offered a two-hour course on the History of Architecture and she felt the need of additional study. Among her companions on this journey were Mrs. E. I. Baldwin and her daughter, the

same friends with whom she had travelled in 1881, but the number was lessened by one—Mr. Baldwin had died some years before. We have an account of this trip in *The Review* of October 6, 1897:

“Mrs. Johnston spent the summer travelling and studying Cathedrals in England and France. In a party of four she sailed from New York, July 1. Landed at Plymouth and began sight-seeing by visiting Exeter Cathedral. A pleasant Sunday was spent at Clovelly, a little town built in a crevice between the rocks whose only street is so steep that no horse has ever been driven down it. At the foot of the street lies the little harbor immortalized by Charles Kingsley’s poem beginning ‘Three fishers went sailing out into the west.’ After leaving Clovelly some time was spent in coaching in Devonshire. Three weeks were given to visiting Cathedrals in southern England, going from Wells to Canterbury and as far north as Ely and Peterboro. A careful study of the Cathedrals was made, and thanks to the kindness of friends, Mrs. Johnston was able to secure a number of fine photographs for use in illustrating her lectures on architecture. Of the English Cathedrals she most enjoyed Winchester and Canterbury, largely because of their great historic interest. She thinks, however, that there is no constructive Gothic architecture in England, except Westminster Abbey and possibly some portions of other Cathedrals. One hardly feels he has seen genuine Gothic until he gets to France.

“In France the party went from Calais to Amiens and from there turned into Normandy, going carefully, studying churches and Cathedrals and looking up places of historic interest. The Cathedrals of greatest interest

there were those of Amiens and Chartres. From Normandy they went into Brittany and especially enjoyed studying the peasant life of that interesting and beautiful country. Leaving Brittany they travelled in the valley of the Noire and devoted two weeks to the study of Chateaux.

"In Paris, Notre Dame, San Chapelle and the Basilica of the Sacred Heart received most of her attention. The latter is a new church, larger than St. Peter's or St. Paul's, and now in process of construction. It is situated on a commanding eminence overlooking the city. Its form is that of a Greek cross instead of Roman and it has domes instead of spires. It was begun after the defeat of the French by the Germans, and when completed will be the Mecca of many pilgrims.

"During her stay in Paris, Mrs. Johnston saw the illumination of the city in honor of President Faure's return from St. Petersburg, and tells of an incident in the day's proceedings which was for some reason unmentioned by the French newspapers. An Alsatian, dressed in native costume, presented the President with a bouquet of flowers which was accepted by him as a token of welcome from Alsace.

"These festivities reminded her of a former visit to Paris in 1870 when the city was illuminated by Napoleon III. in honor of the plebescite. Thus she has seen France rejoicing as an empire and as a republic. Two weeks were spent in Paris and thence she went to Cherbourg and sailed for home."

She returned to find the college problem still insistent and still twofold;—increase of endowment and search for a President.

The period of the middle '90's was a heart-breaking time for all colleges. The expansion and development of the '80's, particularly the establishment of the elective system, had compelled a great increase in the personnel of the Faculties. Furthermore the large expenditure for scientific equipment together with the persistent demand on every side for increased library facilities had weighted the burden. The smallest colleges began to talk about their needs in terms of hundred thousands. The panic of 1893 found them with all their resources taxed to the utmost and the years of depression which followed took the heart and courage out of many a brave soul. Oberlin suffered with the rest and her problem was intensified by the fact that after 1896 she had no President. The Faculty rose to the crisis. Professor Albert A. Wright as Chairman of the University body, Mrs. Johnston for the Women's Department, Professor Albert H. Currier for the Theological Seminary, and Professor Fenelon B. Rice for the Conservatory, with the loyal support of their associates guided the institution over troubled seas and longed for a captain. At length he came. In November, 1898, by a unanimous vote, the Trustees elected John Henry Barrows, of Chicago, to the Presidency of the College. This choice was most fortunate. President Barrows though not himself an Oberlin man was the son of one. He

was a man of wide experience and of unique personal power. He had been brought prominently before the country because of his successful management of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1893. Mr. Barrows accepted the position and entered upon the duties of his office in January, 1899. At the same time the Trustees entered upon a vigorous campaign to raise the first half-million unit of the desired endowment by the last day of 1901. In this they were successful.

Mrs. Johnston had borne her share of the burden of the interregnum. We note that she gives a series of Art lectures in Cleveland, is the guest of honor for the College at the banquet tendered President Andrews of Brown University at Elyria, that she frequently entertains the Faculty and the students and often represents the College before Alumni Associations. Her intellectual and social activity was unceasing and she moved calm, gracious, and self-poised through all perplexities with her outlook ever toward the future. She felt, however, and had felt for some time that a quarter of a century was long enough for any one to hold an administrative position and she wished to resign the Deanship when the twenty-fifth year of her service was ended, but her friends and the friends of the College felt that the time had not yet come



MRS. JOHNSTON IN 1898.

RESIGNATION OF DEANSHIP

and she yielded to their wishes. But after the interregnum was over and President Barrows had entered upon his successful and brilliant administration she felt that she was now at liberty to lay down the burden. In March, 1900, in the thirtieth year of her service as Principal and Dean of the Women's Department, she offered her resignation to the Board of Trustees. For thirty years she had lived under the fierce light that beats upon an administrative officer and she felt that the time had come to relinquish both the burdens and the pleasures of the position. Her communication to the Trustees and their reply testify alike to the value of her service and the strength of her personality.

Her communication to the Trustees follows:—

“March 7, 1900.

“Honorable Trustees of Oberlin College:

“I have asked the privilege of appearing before you this afternoon that I might resign the Deanship of the Women's Department. I wish to resign now, the same to take effect next June. At that time, I shall have held my present position thirty years. I feel that I need not add an argument to emphasize my request. These thirty years will plead for me. It is probably known to all of you that I hold also the Professorship of Mediæval History. If it seems wise to you, and for the highest good of the College, I should like to retain this Professorship. When, in 1870, I was asked, by a committee from your honorable body, to accept the position made vacant by

the resignation of Mrs. Dascomb, I said that I could not consider it unless there was added to it the privilege of doing some teaching. I remember distinctly how this request was received. No one on the Board of Trustees objected to it, but some members of the Faculty definitely opposed it. Mrs. Dascomb begged me to withdraw my request. She said, to add teaching to the onerous duties of the executive office was to invite failure along both lines, but it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that for me teaching was a necessity. I do not think I could have held the position of Dean for thirty years, but for the relief and inspiration that has come to me through the class-room. But during these years I have never forgotten that I was called primarily to fill an executive office, rather than a professor's chair, and whenever the duties of the two have conflicted, I have given precedence to the former. The result is, I have filled the executive office as well as I could. However, in the future, that work shall be graded, whether as good, bad or indifferent, I am comforted by the thought that I have given it my best efforts. This is not true of my teaching. My time for preparation has been limited to summer vacations, and in term time to the hours after ten o'clock at night. I may be pardoned perhaps if ambition leads me to wish to improve my teaching before I resign it. I have never been able to teach as many hours as is required of a Professor. Relieved of the executive work I shall be glad to do full work, and it is ready at hand. Since Professor Monroe, of blessed memory, left us, no one has carried on his work, and there are Seniors graduating this year who complain that they have had no opportunity to study the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War or the French Revolution. These naturally grow out of my Mediæval Work. We have wanted all this year to offer History to the Freshmen, but there was no one to teach it. Last

RESIGNATION OF DEANSHIP

summer while in Holland and Belgium, I gathered the material for a new course of lectures in Dutch Art, which I hope to offer next year. There is other work for the College which invites me. I wish to complete the work which I have already begun of securing twenty-five one thousand dollar scholarships for self-supporting students. As soon as the corner stone of the new Scientific Building is laid, I propose to attempt the raising of funds for an Art Building; not that Oberlin will ever have a picture gallery. She needs much more a collection of casts and photographs that will illustrate the history of classical, mediæval and modern Art. Such a building should have at least two lecture rooms where the material gathered in the building could be easily and successfully handled.

"I wish clearly to state that this resignation is no sudden thought with me. I had definitely promised my home friends to resign after holding the office twenty-five years, but when that time came, the College was in dangerous waters, there was a feeling of unrest everywhere and it seemed to me that I could not do better service than to stay quietly at my post. Those times have passed, we have sailed out into clear waters, we have a noble and successful commander and I doubt if ever a more opportune time will offer for my resignation than the present.

"Into this hour come trooping a host of memories. I leave my position filled with gratitude—to the Board of Trustees, among whom I number so many personal friends—to the Women's Board, who through these thirty years, have been my moral comfort and support and whose united wisdom has often supplemented my lack of wisdom—to the Faculty, who have always loyally supported my judgments—to Mrs. Lord, who for sixteen years has been my gracious and efficient Assistant—but most of all to

ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

President Fairchild, who, through all these years, has been to me like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.
Adelia A. F. Johnston."

The reply follows:

Voted by the Board of Trustees of Oberlin College Wednesday, March 7, 1900.

"Resolved.—That the Board of Trustees receives with sincere regret Mrs. Johnston's decision that she must diminish her labors by resigning the duties of Dean of the Women's Department. Her long and faithful devotion to the service of the College and to its interests, her great ability in administration, her wisdom and tact in every conjuncture, her high ideals for the young women under her charge and her success in stimulating the desire of elevation of character, have combined to make her Dean-ship of inestimable value to the Institution and to its undergraduates. Whilst we appreciate her desire to devote her full strength to the work of teaching the subjects pertaining to her Professorship, and well know the advantages which will accrue from her recognized eminence as an instructor, we feel that her place as executive head of the Women's Department will be very hard to fill. We tender her our heartfelt acknowledgments that her noble work of thirty years puts the College under obligations it can never repay."

At the Commencement of 1899 Mrs. Lord sent to the Trustees her resignation as Assistant Dean. She had passed her eightieth birthday and she felt that a reasonable regard for the opinions of mankind required that she give up the place. She



ELIZABETH RUSSELL LORD IN 1900.

RESIGNATION OF DEANSHIP

was well, strong, and efficient, but she was four-score. The chairman of the committee to which the resignation was referred came at once to enquire of Mrs. Johnston if there was any reason why Mrs. Lord should resign. Mrs. Johnston replied that she knew of none, that it was no wish of hers that Mrs. Lord retire, indeed she much preferred that she should stay. As a result the committee returned the resignation to Mrs. Lord with the request that she keep it. She did so but the next year, when Mrs. Johnston resigned the Deanship, Mrs. Lord also resigned and the two passed out of the administrative work together.

Mrs. Lord did not at once leave Oberlin, she remained busied with her missionary labors for two years longer and then her health failing went to her daughter's home at Batavia, N. Y., where she died in 1906.

Mrs. Johnston was succeeded as Dean by Miss Alice Hanson Luce, a graduate of Wellesley, who also held the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Heidelberg. After four years service she resigned in order to enter upon educational work in Berlin, Germany. Upon Miss Luce's resignation the original position lapsed: it was divided into three parts; college, conservatory, and academy,—and its duties are now administered by three deans.

Resigning the Deanship meant leaving the pleasant home in Baldwin Cottage which she had occupied for fourteen years. By the terms of Mr. Baldwin's gift she possessed a life tenure there, but not for a moment did she think of exercising it. She felt that Baldwin was the proper residence of the Dean, and long before her resignation she was studying the problem of another home. The writer accompanied her on many a long walk up and down the village streets; looking at houses and considering what was best to do. Fortunately, she found an ideal home under the hospitable roof of Miss Adella N. Royce of 118 West College Street, where she was comfortably housed and where she contentedly lived for the remaining ten years of her life. Yet so strong was habit, that again and again, years afterward, when in the street and thinking deeply, she would find herself in front of Baldwin, whither her steps had automatically strayed.

The summer of 1900 was a period of great anxiety in Oberlin, for it marked the height of the Boxer uprising in China. The storm center of this movement was not only the Foreign Legations at Peking but extended throughout the entire province of Shansi, where were many of the missionary stations of the American Board. Oberlin had sent many of these missionaries and there were in the village members of missionary families: parents,



Mrs. Johnston's Living Room in Baldwin Cottage.

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wives, and children, of those who were in hourly danger on the plains of China. The apprehension for their safety proved well founded and three years afterward when Mr. D. Willis James, of New York City, decided to erect a monument to the missionary dead of the American Board it was discovered that by far the larger number were sons and daughters of Oberlin. And so the Memorial Arch spans the walk that leads from the campus to Peters Hall.

XII.

PROFESSOR OF MEDIÆVAL HISTORY. TRUSTEE OF
COLLEGE. MEMBER OF PRUDENTIAL
COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Johnston was now free to throw herself into her teaching, which she did with the utmost ardor.

The dominant theory of the '90's that the college professor should not be a teacher who interested and instructed his students, but rather one who dwelt apart in the regions of research and book-making, expecting to lead his students by example and lectures into the pleasant paths of learning, has utterly broken down in practice. For while the professor was engaged in research and lectures, the undergraduate was engaged in athletics. Moreover, at the same time he acquired a very profound and abiding contempt for learning as wholly unfitting a man for leadership and power. Other influences, of course, have been at work to bring about the present development of the college student, but this dominant theory of two decades has had much to do with it. When the President of one of the foremost universities in this country reports that learning was never at so low an ebb in that institution as now; that scholar-

ship is not respected; when another President frankly speaking the vernacular declared that if the sideshows were going to outrank the circus he for one no longer wished to be ringmaster, it is clear that the college professor must look to his work.

With this theory Mrs. Johnston never agreed. She held that the duty of the college teacher, as that of every other teacher, was to interest, inspire, and instruct his students, to kindle the spirit of scholarship; that original research was the work of the university—and that good university work must be based upon good college work. At any rate, the goal of her teaching was to set forth the facts and details of history in such a way as to make them stimulate the thought, touch the imagination and live in the memory of the students who came to her classes. That the students themselves clearly comprehended the value of this position, *The Review*, which has told us so many things for this story of a life, does not leave us in darkness here. An illuminating editorial upon Education in the issue of October 10, 1894, gives us the student point of view as follows:

“It makes a great difference how a recitation is conducted. In some classes it is all up hill, like riding a wheel through sand on a windy day; in others everything is bright and exhilarating, and as in coasting, one almost sails.

THEORY OF TEACHING

"Few recitations are better planned and conducted than those of Mrs. Johnston's History classes. The novel and wide-awake plans used in that class may be taken as an evidence of the high plane attained in Oberlin pedagogics. A visit to the class on one of these bright crisp mornings is more than worth while and will repay any one. These are a few of the things sure to be noticed: A summary of several pages from Institutes of History (Andrews) is given by several students in succession. Each student is expected to so master the masterly Andrews that he can keep in mind the order and connection of the sections from the Institutes and can go on promptly without babbling.

"Special topics and reports of readings occupy a prominent place in the work of the class. Topics are assigned to members of the class who are allowed about a week to collect materials and prepare their report. Then in ten and fifteen minutes the one who has a topic is permitted to give the class the results of his private study. This is certainly one of the best ways to stimulate original inquiry, establish intellectual independence—a thing many students sadly need—and cultivate careful mental habits.

"The success of this class is primarily due to the powers and personality of Mrs. Johnston herself, with her ripe scholarship, her incomparable historical imagination and her philanthropic interpre-

tation of history. These things, coupled with the progressive ideas of her class-room, make possible the assertion that few history classes in this country are better conducted or do more for the intellectual development of their students."

Upon Mrs. Johnston's retirement from the Deanship she was elected by the express wish of the Alumni a Trustee of the College. But she was still in service as Professor and could not, according to Ohio law, hold both positions, so she resigned the former.

The Trustees accepted her resignation only to place her at once upon the Prudential Committee, a body which represents the Trustees *ad interim* in the management of the business of the College and which during the college year usually holds its meetings weekly. Membership in the Prudential Committee Mrs. Johnston continued to hold until her death. When in Oberlin she seldom failed to attend its meetings and by her familiarity with the details of college administration and life, her wholesome judgment, wise counsels and wide acquaintance with the friends and patrons of the College rendered important service.

During the summer of 1901 she crossed the continent for the first time. Heretofore pressed by the necessity of study, both in the field of history and of art, her summers had been as often as possible spent in Europe, so that now for the first time

she turned her steps westward, stopping in Missouri, Colorado, Utah, California, and going northward by way of Seattle to Alaska.

The new experience was most delightful to her, made doubly so by the warm welcome of the many friends who met her at every point, and she returned improved in health and invigorated in spirit.

In May, 1902, President Barrows was in Boston in attendance upon a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Late Friday, May 23, he started for home and was suddenly attacked by pneumonia either just before he started or at the very time; at all events he reached Oberlin in a most critical condition and on June 2 died of heart failure.

For the moment, his death was a staggering blow to the College. His service had been brief, less than four years, but in that time he had accomplished much. He had accepted the Oberlin history, tradition, and spirit, and adapting these to changed conditions, had carried them forward in their essential integrity. His service was great; it cannot be overestimated. For the College, he enlarged the field of its influence, and won a broader constituency. He was ever alert to serve, where service could win. Educational, philanthropic, civic, and social organizations received inspiration from his enthusiasm and wisdom from

his counsels. His is a splendid record of things done, and his memory one that Oberlin will not suffer to die.

Fortunately, there was no interregnum. The College had within its Faculty one who, gifted by nature and disciplined by training, was competent to take the standard as it fell from the grasp of President Barrows and bear it aloft. Henry Churchill King, of the class of '79, was immediately elected by the Trustees to the Presidency. He entered at once upon his duties and at the present writing stands among the foremost as educator, author, theologian, practical organizer, and doer of significant tasks.

The oil-painting of Mrs. Johnston by Caroline Thurber, which the Class of 1903 presented to the College and which now hangs in the reading-room of Carnegie Library, is an excellent portrait. Inevitably, it falls short of the remembrance of her cherished in many minds. There was an instantaneous illumination which came to her face the moment she spoke and consequently the face in repose does not and can not satisfy those who perhaps recall it when at one supreme moment it was aglow with feeling, and for whom that expression is the only true portrait. In order to illustrate what I mean, I may relate my own experience when a friend one day put into my hand a photograph, saying with an air of finality, "This is the real

PORTRAIT

Mrs. Johnston." When pressed for my opinion I was obliged to say that were it not for certain trifles by which I could identify the picture I should not have recognized it, so unlike was it to all my recollections.

Mrs. Johnston herself was satisfied with the portrait and willing that it should be the counterfeit presentment which should represent her to coming generations of students.

XIII.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY. FOREIGN FELLOWSHIPS.

Leaving the position of Dean meant a psychological change in Mrs. Johnston's thought and occupations. For thirty years she had been part of the inner life of the College, and had lived under a weight of responsibility that she could not for a moment forget. Was a new building needed, were especial funds required? She felt it her duty and deemed it her privilege to do her part and more than her proportion of the effort to obtain them. Was a question of college policy at stake? Its wisdom lay upon her heart.

Time had brought its changes. The Trustees, now largely Alumni and men of affairs, not only comprehended the needs of the College, but were in a position to meet them. The college prosperity had begun, the temporal reward for so many years of privation and struggle was within reach. The college standard was borne not by a few but by many strong hands, and she felt that she could now relax her own grasp. But the Trustees knew better than to lose the wisdom that so many years had garnered and her place on the Prudential Committee kept it at the service of the College.

Finding herself with time in store she entered eagerly into service for the village. She had always been interested in the welfare of the town, the unity between the College and the colony had been a marked characteristic of early Oberlin and she always felt that this unity should never be broken. She herself was always doing what she could.

The writer well remembers an afternoon visit in which quiet conversation was suddenly interrupted by the clatter of hoofs, noise of wheels, and ringing of bells on the street in front of her windows. The smiling explanation to my astonishment was that she had given a lecture a short time before for the purpose of raising money to buy a span of horses for the Fire Department and the firemen were now bringing the horses around to exhibit. I learned afterward that they were usually spoken of by the men as Mrs. Johnston's horses.

In the *Alumni Magazine* of October, 1910, an article by Professor Azariah S. Root gives the following complete and careful account of Mrs. Johnston's labors for the welfare of the village. Professor Root is fitted to speak with authority, for he was one of her most efficient assistants:

"During the time of her active connection with the College, Mrs. Johnston was so much absorbed in the affairs of her Deanship and her Professorship that she could give a relatively small part of

her time to the needs of the community. She herself recognized this, but acting on a principle to which she always adhered, of doing well what she did and not attempting too many things, she gave herself unreservedly to the college work until her retirement from her position of Dean of Women. It was no chance emotion which led her in the very first Thursday evening prayer-meeting after the Commencement at which she retired as Dean, to say that she felt that she had been unable hitherto to do what she ought to have done as a citizen of the town, but that as henceforth she was to be relieved from the labors of the Deanship she intended to devote herself more largely to promoting the welfare and beauty of the village.

"The record of the ten years which have elapsed since that time bear abundant evidence that Mrs. Johnston carried out her intention. She had not been unmindful of the needs of the town even during her Deanship. When she first came to Oberlin, after study in Germany, she felt greatly the lack of a local interest in art, as well as the need of a suitable collection of material to illustrate the subject. As early as 1880, when she had been in Oberlin but ten years, she was busy at work devising ways and means to increase the art interest of the community and, as a means towards that end, to increase the collection of photographs in the possession of the College. She persuaded the

young men who had in charge the Mock Convention of 1880 to announce that the profits of that Convention would be spent in the purchase of collotype or, as they were then called, heliotype reproductions of the famous paintings of the world. With this as the lever, she urged upon the students, and upon the towns-people, the opportunity this presented not only to have a good time but to bring to the College, and to the community, an enlargement of its art collections. The result of her efforts was an unusually large attendance at the Convention and a very considerable sum available for the purchase of pictures. She found somebody who was willing to pay the expense of framing the pictures and the walls of the old Ladies Hall, hitherto entirely lacking in pictures, were abundantly supplied. As a result, many of us received from these pictures our first impressions of the great masters. As compared with the beautiful modern photographs, these collotypes now seem cheap and insignificant but that they rendered a real service to their day and generation, those of us who looked at them in the parlors, corridors, and dining-room of the old Ladies Hall, will be very quick to bear testimony.

“With the nucleus of pictures thus brought together Mrs. Johnston began to give more elaborate and more carefully prepared talks upon art subjects before the young women whom she met in General

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Exercises. The report of these delightful talks spread through the community and presently brought requests that they be given before the women of the community. This Mrs. Johnston readily consented to do, only asking for a slight compensation, to be used in the purchase of more pictures. The talks in Oberlin brought requests from clubs outside; as the result of her outside work she succeeded in interesting men and women who were glad to give her additional sums of money. In this way, the work steadily grew in success and the material steadily increased until at last the Faculty made a place in the regular curriculum for instruction on this subject. Once established as a department of college instruction, Mrs. Johnston immediately began to widen the scope of her service and soon introduced art exhibitions.

"The first two art exhibitions were given, I believe, in the Spear Library, not a very convenient place for the purpose. Upon the erection of the Rockefeller Skating Rink, the exhibitions were moved to that building and connected with the exercises of Commencement week. Not until the erection of the Warner Gymnasium, however, was a really suitable place available, but when that splendid room was prepared, under the energy of Mrs. Johnston, the exhibitions took on larger scope and extent. Courses of lectures were introduced. The exhibition was extended to cover two weeks

and became one of the distinctly Oberlin attractions, bringing to Oberlin hosts of people from the surrounding towns and gathering audiences of six or seven hundred people for the lectures.

"It has always seemed to me that this gradual development of the art interest of the community was very characteristic of Mrs. Johnston's methods. She was never discouraged by the fact that there was but a small beginning in any line. Taking that little beginning and working along the lines which naturally developed; making each line of development the stepping-stone toward some larger and broader development, knowing when and where to awaken interest and how to turn that interest to the larger development of the cause which she had at heart, she worked on with infinite persistence and with the keenest foresight and shrewdness, with the result that at the time of her laying down the work of instruction the College had a capital collection of photographs well suited to illustrate the principal painters and sculptors and to make clear the development of architecture.

"And this splendid collection of photographs was not used simply to minister to the necessities of class-room work but, by means of the art exhibitions, was made a means of developing a community interest in art which to-day certainly equals, if it does not exceed, that of any community of similar size in the United States. And the sig-

nificant point of it all is that the interest is now wide-spread throughout the entire community and one cannot call in the homes of the village without seeing it reflected in the pictures which are selected for the home. Thus Mrs. Johnston most happily used her art opportunities for the advantage not only of the student but also for the development of art interest in the community and by means of the art exhibitions blended these two interests in one and forged another link for the union and friendship of college and town.

"Another interest which Mrs. Johnston always had deeply in her heart was the welfare of the boys of the community. Anyone interested in promoting their interests found a quick response at her home, and while, for the most part, she was obliged to leave the actual doing of services to boys to others, she was always a willing contributor. One occasion which fell under my own personal observation is perhaps typical of the whole. Some years ago, she learned by chance that certain of the small boys of the town were much interested in the study of natural history and had formed a society named The Oberlin Natural History Club. She immediately sent for the boys who composed the Club and proposed a natural history excursion. She provided a team for the Club to make a trip to the lake and back, going along with them herself. The boys were, of course, delighted at the prospect and

the expedition came off with such genuine enjoyment that Mrs. Johnston was made an honorary member of the Oberlin Natural History Club, an honor she accounted one of very great distinction. I have no doubt, if there were time, that a dozen similar instances could be related to illustrate how in every way she furthered the development of wholesome broadening interests among the boys.

“When Mrs. Johnston, upon retiring from the Deanship, began to look for a field of activity in which she might render service to the community, she decided to take up the work of village improvement. Oberlin was already beginning to be a place of more than average beauty but she felt that it might be far finer than it was. At that time, many of the houses still had fences or hedges, back lots in the rear of the stores were unsightly and, while there was much that was pleasing, there was also much that was offensive to the eye. She began in characteristic fashion. She appeared before the business men and requested permission to clean up the yards in the rear of the stores. Of course the request was granted, and at her own expense, and with her personal superintendence, everything was made clean and neat. She then presented herself a second time to the business men and asked if they were satisfied with the improvement made, to which, of course, they gave a most willing assent; and she then urged that the lots be kept in the con-

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dition in which they then were. Twice or three times, singlehanded, she undertook this improvement until, little by little, the merchants began to appreciate their own neglect and to attend to the matter for themselves.

Having made this much progress, she brought together two or three of the business men and two or three of the women of the town and organized the Oberlin Village Improvement Society, to which she was at once elected president. Then began a steady effort to educate the public sentiment of the community. Speakers were obtained, sometimes from abroad and sometimes from among our own number. Slides and lectures were procured from outside and by pictures and lectures the possibilities of village improvement were made apparent. Prizes were offered for the best kept streets, the best kept yards, the best child's garden, and the like. The effect of this agitation and education very soon showed itself. Fences began to disappear; unsightly lots to be cared for in many quarters of the town where hitherto no attempt had been made to keep the yards in good condition, and the lawn mower began to do its work. There was a gradual improvement of the entire village until now, even in the poorest quarters, there is little to offend the eye. Of course there were many things to discourage, as when some of the most prominent citizens allowed the erection of bill-

boards upon vacant lots, but without losing her patience, and never losing her confidence, Mrs. Johnston pursued the even tenor of her way and to her efforts the beauty of the present Oberlin in no small degree should be credited.

"In recent years, Mrs. Johnston had directed most of her energy to a great public movement which, although well started, was still far from complete at the time of her death. Some one, at a Village Improvement Society meeting, had suggested the possibilities for beauty which lay in parking the banks of the little Plum Creek which runs through the village. Mrs. Johnston's keen vision saw the possibilities involved in the plan and immediately she began to lay emphasis upon it, to agitate in its behalf, to obtain speakers who could develop the idea, and, at last, to obtain gifts for the purchase of land along the creek. Through her efforts, the old Lee skating rink, the Skatorial Tobogganorial, was purchased and deeded to the village as a nucleus of the park system. Promises were obtained from many of the owners of land along the creek that they would give land to the project whenever it became a reality. Some pieces of land which were too expensive to be given were purchased.

"By June, 1910, a considerable part of the land between South Professor Street and South Park Street, along the banks of Plum Creek, has by

her efforts become either the property of the town or of trustees, to be developed for park purposes. She hoped that a Park Driveway would be made along the creek through the entire length of the village and she also hoped that it might serve as an arboretum."

I may only add to Professor Root's most admirable account one fact more.—The last earthly pleasure that came to Mrs. Johnston was the receipt from a friend of a substantial sum of money for the Driveway; a sum sufficient to pay all the debts that she had incurred in the purchase of land which she had deeded to the village.

Another dream which she long had cherished at last came true. It found this expression for many years "Oberlin must have Foreign Fellowships for her promising students." Especially must there be Fellowships for women,—it was easier for men to help themselves—there were more ways by which they could earn money—but if Oberlin women were to reach and hold college positions as teachers, if they were to fill responsible places, they must have the opportunity for foreign study.

"We must have Oberlin women ready to answer the larger call when it comes," she so often said and at each Commencement repeated wistfully as the Alumnæ gathered about her. "Can't we hasten it some way?"

The time came; with Mrs. Johnston the time always came, it was only a question of waiting, she was sure the needed thing was on its way. Those of the Alumnæ with whom she was in closest touch naturally enough were the members of the College Society to which she belonged as an undergraduate. This was the Ladies Literary Society founded in 1835 and now known as the L. L. S.

In 1856 a second Society, the Aelioian was founded and for many years the two occupied the field. Other societies have been organized in recent years.

The Alumnæ of L. L. S. caught the vision and in 1903 a group organized at the home of Mrs. L. L. Nichols, '85, in Brooklyn as the New York Branch of L. L. S. women, and called for the organization of other branches. These were formed, and immediately a movement began to found a fellowship open to Alumnæ, which should be called the Johnston Fellowship. At Commencement, 1905, a national organization was completed, and the first officers elected were as follows:—

Honorary President, Adelia A. F. Johnston, '56.

President, Ella Downey Commons, '88.

First Vice-President, May Ellis Nichols, '85.

Second Vice-President, Flora Bridges, '85.

Secretary, Helen White Martin, '87.

Treasurer, Jessie Pound Jones, '81.

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An active campaign for funds immediately began. Each member did what she could and at the present writing one student is studying in Europe upon the Johnston Fellowship, having received her appointment in June, 1911.

It is the expectation to keep one Fellow continually in foreign residence and to place a sum in the hands of the Trustees of the College whose income will be sufficient to defray her expenses.

In a report by Ella Downey Commons, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, dated April, 1911, we read: "Few know how much Mrs. Johnston did personally for the Fellowship fund. At the beginning she made a liberal pledge, renewing it at its expiration. For the Oberlin and New York Branches she gave lectures, the entire proceeds of which went to the fund. Best of all she refused to be discouraged."

At the same time the sister Society, Aelioian, took up a similar enterprise with courage and enthusiasm and at present writing has a Fellowship Fund which it is hoped will soon be large enough to support one student in post graduate study.

XIV.

WINTER IN EGYPT. DEGREE OF LL. D. RETIREMENT. DEATH.

In the summer of 1903 Dr. and Mrs. Lucien C. Warner suggested that, inasmuch as they intended to spend the coming winter in Egypt, she should go with them. She accepted the plan with enthusiasm, the College authorities gave her a half-year's leave of absence and another of her dreams came true.

In *The Review* of October 22, 1903, we read:

"Mrs. Johnston left Oberlin, Saturday, October 17, to spend the Sabbath in Cleveland. From Cleveland she went to New York by special invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indians. After the conference which is to be held this week Mrs. Johnston will go to New York City, whence she sails October 24, on the S. S. Princess Irene, for a voyage to Egypt. She will stop at Gibraltar and Naples. From Cairo she will take a trip up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract."

Just before leaving Oberlin she gave in the First Church, standing in the very place where he had stood for so many years, an address upon Mr. Finney, which was a wonderful portrayal of the

man whom Oberlin has for so many years delighted to honor.

Her sympathetic nature gave her an insight into Mr. Finney's character and her dramatic presentation of his personal grace, his impassioned eloquence, his intellectual energy, and his spiritual power electrified her audience; breathed life into old memories and gave a new comprehension of the great preacher to a younger generation which had never known him.

The visit to Egypt surpassed her anticipations. The new phases of nature, the new forms of architecture, contact with a civilization hitherto unknown to her, all enjoyed under the pleasantest conditions, made this half-year one of the happiest of her life. She ever recurred to it with pleasure and never wearied in recalling its experiences. Apart from the country itself and the people I think she was especially pleased with the missionaries. They seemed to be doing so much and doing it so well.

A characteristic anecdote of this journey is related by Dr. Warner in the *Alumni Magazine* of October, 1910. He says:

"One day as we were returning across the plain to the steamer from a visit to the Temple of Abydos, Mrs. Johnston had fallen to the rear and was riding in company with the dragoman of our party. Suddenly by the side of the path she came

upon a native Egyptian, who was beating his wife. Instantly, she cried out, 'What are you striking that woman for?' Then turning to the dragoman, 'Mahomet, stop that man from beating his wife!' The dragoman, ever ready to obey instructions, got off from his donkey and deliberately knocked the man down. With the ends of justice thus vindicated and the wrongs of the woman redressed, she quietly resumed her journey to the steamer. The incident was thoroughly characteristic of Mrs. Johnston. To see a wrong was to take immediate steps to have it righted. In this case, the wrong was against one of her own sex, but that made no difference; if the man had been beating his son, his brother man or his horse, she would have taken measures to stop him just the same."

Of the personal experiences of that journey she oftenest spoke of the gallop across country on her desert steed from Wadi Halfa to the Second Cataract. It pleased her to do in age what she had done in youth. It brought in memory the mountains of Tennessee to the banks of the Nile.

In February, 1904, she returned to Oberlin ready to take up both her college and her village work for the Second Semester. Whatever she enjoyed she wished others to enjoy and early in April she gave an account of her travels at the First Church. One unfailing characteristic of Mrs. Johnston's addresses was that they were always

interesting. The next year, 1904-05, was one of quiet teaching which she herself felt was the best she had ever done and which she thoroughly enjoyed.

In June, 1906, she received an invitation from President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, to be present at the Commencement Exercises of the Woman's College. She accepted, and upon that occasion he conferred upon her by direction of the Trustees of Western Reserve University the degree of Doctor of Letters. It was a most fitting and gracious act, conferring a deserved honor upon Mrs. Johnston herself and upon Oberlin as well and was particularly gratifying to her many friends who ever rejoiced in all the good things that were hers.

A happy year had passed, and again Dr. and Mrs. Warner proved themselves the most thoughtful of friends. They were going around the world; would she go with them? This was something of which she had never dreamed. When at San Francisco she had looked longingly out over the Pacific and thought of the Hawaiian Islands, but that she should reach those islands from the east instead of the west had never, I think, occurred to her. She planned to go.

She does not now write the full diaries of her earlier years, but we have a fragmentary account of this journey. The party sailed from New York

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early in August, 1906. She notes the daily paper published on board the steamer, the news coming by wireless telegraphy.

Two weeks spent in motoring over southern England and Wales made a delightful beginning. A few days in London and then to Paris, to enjoy once more the treasures of the Louvre; and then on to Spain. She revisits the places she knew so well in 1880 and 1897. Crossing into Africa, by October 15, the party reached Biskra, that fascinating city in the heart of one of the largest oases of the Sahara.

"No words can describe it. Palms by the thousands, flowers in profusion. A balmy air that makes living a delight."

On October 20, leaving the railway at Batna, they drove twenty-four miles to Timgad, passing the ruins of Lambese the headquarters of the famous Third Legion of Augustus.

"Timgad is a wonderful ruin. The city was never besieged, but deserted after the Legion was withdrawn from Lambese. Then the sands drifted over it and for centuries it was lost."

Leaving Africa they made their way to Italy and to Greece and at last in December set sail for Colombo; but the illness of Mrs. Warner compelled a change of plans, and they found them-

selves kept for a month at Port Said. As Dr. Warner says: "One can hardly imagine a place more uninteresting, or that gave less promise of adventure of any kind; but three days had not elapsed before Mrs. Johnston had looked up an American missionary and through her had obtained introductions to several refined and intelligent native Egyptians. They introduced us later to friends of theirs in Cairo, and through them we obtained an inside knowledge of the spirit and purpose of the progressive party in Egypt. It was this acquaintance that furnished Mrs. Johnston with the facts for her charming lecture on Modern Egypt."

Of course, the journey around the world was given up and in April Mrs. Johnston separating from her companions sailed for home from Naples, having visited Greece on her way from Egypt. She arrived in Oberlin in good health and spirits.

At the previous March meeting of the Oberlin Trustees, that body for the first time established an age limit of retirement for the Professors of the College. It was fixed to vary from 65 to 68 years. Similar action was taken by many colleges and universities after the establishment of the Carnegie Pension Fund. Previous to that time, college trustees had been loth to act in the matter, but after a reasonable pension was secured to the retiring professors the establishment of an age limit seemed

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both just and fitting. Thus Mrs. Johnston who had passed her 70th birthday in Egypt found upon her return that she was by virtue of that fact retired from active service.

The way that different people accept retirement is a psychological study. To some it undoubtedly comes as a relief and an opportunity for leisure which they have never before enjoyed; or for work which they have hitherto been unable to do. And this so far overcomes whatever is unpleasant that upon the whole they like it.

To others it stands as an enforced separation from activities that are still enjoyed and which can still be efficiently performed. To such, retirement comes with a heart-ache. One does not need to be clairvoyant to read the tragedies that lie between the lines in the annual lists of the retiring officers of the Army and the Navy.

Mrs. Johnston belonged to the number of those who do not like to be retired. No one who knew her could suppose for one moment that she would like it; but she realized that seventy years are seventy years, and that the conditions of life are irrevocable. The following response to the toast of the President at the Alumni dinner of Commencement, 1907, gives her point of view:

"I know of no reason why I should be called upon to speak for the retiring members of the Faculty. It must be the prestige of age, for I am

the oldest member of the Oberlin Faculty, as well as the oldest one of the retiring Professors—in service.

I entered the Oberlin Faculty in 1870, but I came to Oberlin as a student in 1850. Oberlin was then a small village. The primeval forest pressed close upon it from all sides. I have always loved the woods, perhaps, because I was a child of the frontier. I can remember when there were only two native trees cut between my father's log house and the public road. I have seen the growth of our beautiful state that has produced so many distinguished statesmen and noble Presidents, and has contributed through its schools and liberal institutions to the civilization of the great west.

"My coming to Oberlin was, from a human standpoint, a happen. When I was twelve years old my mother started with me for an academy in the eastern part of the state. It was in our plan to spend our first night in Elyria, but the Oberlin mud stopped us. We could not get through it, and were compelled to spend the night here. And here I am today retiring from active service, with my two friends and co-laborers, on account of the age limit.

"It has been a great privilege to work for so many years in this educational center. Today there are Oberlin students scattered everywhere. I have heard my name shouted from a passing gon-

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dola on the Grand Canal of Venice; I have heard it from the foot hills of the Pyrenees; I have heard it a thousand miles up the Nile. Indeed I have never gone beyond the Oberlin student until I crossed the Arctic circle.

"It is under pleasant conditions that we retire from active service. Thanks to Mr. Carnegie we shall be no burden to the College that we love, and we see no poorhouse in the distance. We choose to make Oberlin our permanent home, but we do not purpose to rest upon our oars. We all have plans for future work, which we hope will contribute to the interests of the world. To us life does not seem to be over, for we recognize that which is past as only the beginning of that which is to come.

"Not long ago I climbed the great pyramid at Ghizeh. As I reached the top I sat down to rest. The great desert stretched out before me. An Arab threw himself gracefully down at my feet and began making cabalistic signs in the dust of the ages. Looking up he asked, 'Would you like to have me tell your fortune?' 'No,' I answered, 'I have had my fortune.' There were more cabalistic signs and then he said, 'But you have not had it all, there is a great deal more to come and it's wonderful.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I stand corrected. There is more of it to come through eons and eons of time, but, if I thought you could read it, I would

not listen, because then I should lose the delight of meeting the unexpected.' So today we, who are retiring on the age limit, look forward with anticipation to that which is still to come. We have climbed the hill of difficulty; we have conquered the wild beasts that were hid in its shadows, and today we look out, not upon a dreary desert, but upon a gently sloping plain covered with pleasant pastures and everlasting flowers. No gloomy boatman with muffled oars awaits us, but Hope, clothed in garments of eternal light, stands at the helm of a winged life-boat to welcome us. And we know that when rid of finite limitations, we shall have eons and eons of time in which to learn the true meaning of that creative hour when 'God breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul.' "

The one redeeming feature about retirement was the freedom it gave. She was no longer subject to the call of the bell; she could come and go as she pleased. As I recall the year 1907-08, I think it was for her a happy year. She found herself surrounded by that which should accompany age, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," all were hers in measure full to overflowing. She had never given up the custom of keeping one afternoon at home to welcome her friends, and her friends never gave up the habit of coming to see her. "Retired from active service" was a misnomer. She

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was never more active than now. She addressed schools, clubs, associations far and near, and she worked unceasingly and in the main successfully for the Park Driveway. If anything went wrong anywhere about the town she was appealed to as the President of the Village Improvement Society to right it. As illustrative of what was expected of her she related to me one day this incident:

Early one morning looking out of her window she saw a colored man sitting on a garbage cart drawn by a single horse; the equipage evidently at rest before her door. After breakfast she looked out, it was still there. Later, when she herself appeared upon her porch, the old man got down from his wagon and came to her. She recognized him as the one who carried away her ashes and refuse of various kinds. What did he want?

Well, the Village Council the night before had taken away his dumping ground, and he had no place where he could dump his refuse and he didn't know what to do, and he couldn't sleep, until he made up his mind that early in the morning he would go and tell Mrs. Johnston, and he knew that she would make it all right. So here he was. She made it all right. She told him he must obey the law and she would see the members of the Council and try to find another place for him. She did so,—and he went on with his work, per-

fectly satisfied in his own mind with providence as he knew it.

And so the current of her life was moving on, strong, full, and rich, when suddenly she found herself in the grasp of that dread disease whose origin is still the great mystery of the medical world and which yields, if it yields at all, only to the knife. And she was seventy-one years old.

An operation at Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, in November, 1908, proved that the difficulty was deep seated. But so hardy was she, so well and strong that she recovered after a little more than a month's interruption and took up her life apparently without change. I think she never enjoyed a richer year than that of 1909. She asked her doctors no questions, she suspected the truth, but she had no wish to have her fortune told, and she would live to the end. She was on earth to live. Every moment was precious and she would use it. Every hour was filled with varied activities; she arranged for the children's playground, and the beautifying of the school yards. She spoke in the Baptist church, to the colored people, advising them how to meet the new conditions of life that were arising at the North; she accepted invitations to speak both at home and abroad. Having addressed one evening a group of teachers of Cleveland a gentleman in the audience, a teacher of many years' experience, said to her, "Mrs. Johns-

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ton, yours is one of the very few addresses to teachers that I have ever heard that gave me any help."

And all the time she never lost sight of the village interests or failed to press for the Park Driveway. Her sympathies were never broader, her efforts never more unceasing for every good and worthy work. But in fourteen months the trouble had recurred and a second operation in February, 1910, proved only that all operations were useless. Yet she rallied, went south for a month, visited during May and returned to Oberlin for Commencement, knowing the truth but with high and exquisite courage prepared to meet the end like a saint and a soldier.

Of those last weeks there are two records, better than any that I can write. One by Mrs. Commons, '88, in a report to the L. L. S. concerning the Johnston Fellowship Fund; and the other published in the *Alumni Magazine* of October, 1910, written by her pastor, the Rev. Henry M. Tenney.

Mrs. Commons writes as follows:

"To the members of L. L. S.:

"Through the joy of last Commencement throbbed a grief, hidden bravely, but almost beyond bearing, for we knew that one whose life had so long been bound up with Oberlin—the scholar, the great teacher, the sweet woman, best of all the Friend—walked among us for the last time. Commencement was one long ovation to Mrs. Johnston

—*Ave atque vale.* Through it all she moved, frail as a flower, pale with suffering, but with the same splendid courage with which she had met all of life, determined that no faltering of hers should sadden her farewell. To see her in her place in the academic procession was a thing to remember forever. She made her last public address at the L. L. S. love-feast, fully realizing it was the last. In it there was not a hint of the personal, no attempt at special wit or effect—just a wonderful plea for gentle womanliness as a characteristic of Oberlin women.

“On Wednesday morning the annual meeting of the L. L. S. Alumnæ was held on the lawn in front of Mrs. Johnston’s rooms. To the forty members present she said a few words of graceful greeting, and spoke of her hope for the speedy completion of our Fellowship fund.

“The end came four weeks later, on Friday, July 22. Our hearts are flooded with dear memories of her, but to many of us the dearest is that of the great “General Ex.” in 1908, when as the supreme gift of her love to us, “her girls,” that we might look into the unknown with her own fearless faith, she lifted the veil of her reticence and told us of the wonderful vision of her lost lover husband.”

Her pastor writes :

"To the Alumni and friends of the College who were present at the Commencement of 1910 the memory of Mrs. Johnston will remain especially vivid. She knew that she had but a little while to live. It was to be her last Commencement; but she said nothing about it, and few of her friends realized it. She was ambitious to meet every appointment as in the days gone by, and as though there was no such thing as failing strength, and as though life had no limits. She attended the Baccalaureate services on Sunday, and the meeting of the Trustees and the love-feast of the L. L. S., on Monday, and a class breakfast and the Alumni meeting on Tuesday. Old students she received as she sat upon the porch of her home. The class of 1885 met for their twenty-fifth anniversary, paid her especial honor, and were greeted by her as they gathered before her door. And then there were the Commencement and graduating exercises of Wednesday, and the Alumni Dinner. She was in her place at every function. And when it was all over, when, sustained by her indomitable will, she had completed what seemed to her to be her work; when the last class was graduated and the old college friends were hastening away to their work and play to the ends of the earth, she, in the quiet of the following days, without physical suffering, passed into the dark valley, to emerge, four weeks

after the Commencement Anniversary, into the fullness of the life and light of the world unseen and eternal beyond."

Mrs. Johnston's immediate family at this time consisted of her sister, Mrs. Leverett S. Woodworth, of Providence, Rhode Island, and three nephews: James R. Woodworth, Clarence M. Woodworth and Albert L. Woodworth.

A cousin, Mrs. James R. Severance, resided in Oberlin. Mr. and Mrs. Severance always gave her full measure of love and devotion and for years she had leaned upon Mr. Severance as upon a son.



MRS. JOHNSTON IN 1907.

XV.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the last analysis of a life the emphasis properly rests upon service. What did the individual do? Today we have harked back to the simple teachings of the Master and the question is not so much as to the number of talents entrusted to his care—one, five, or ten—but what did he do with his Lord's money? The living world has scant respect for man or woman who wastes or does not fully use the gifts that nature has bestowed upon him.

Mrs. Johnston possessed a keen intellect and sound judgment. Her mental processes were clear and logical, her emotions under admirable control. If she had any unusual gift it lay in her personality, the play of her temperament upon her intellect. Her temperament was essentially ardent; she was buoyant, enthusiastic, optimistic, responsive—her intellect was clear, cool, logical. Her courage was superb, her sincerity without flaw. The interplay of these forces produced a personality difficult to portray. The achievements of an individual can be described in words, but personality itself eludes description and yet its subtle power is always present.

This indefinable gift of personal power was the dominating element of her influence, and was both consciously and unconsciously recognized by those about her; like McGregor, wherever she sat was the head of the table. Of this Professor Root who knew her well writes, "It can be safely asserted, I think, that Oberlin College has never had a more striking personality in its Faculty than Mrs. Adelia A. Field Johnston. There have been other personalities of greater strength, and perhaps some of even greater brilliancy, but no other in which was combined in such a marked way intuition amounting to genius, power of expression dramatic and striking, knowledge of human nature keen and far-seeing, quickness of decision, forcefulness of action and power to command the obedience of others."

I often asked for the secret of her successful administration. She always answered, "I could feel things, I knew what was likely to happen and I went to work to stop it before it happened." She called this intuition, but as I studied her in the later years of her life it seemed to me that it was sound judgment applied to probable human conduct, enabling her to forecast with reasonable certainty what any one, boy or girl, man or woman, under given conditions would be likely to do; said conduct modified of course by the temperament and environment of the individual. She was so

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often right that adolescent youth was frequently dazed. As a rollicking Sophomore once plaintively confided to me, "Mrs. Johnston always seems to know what we are going to do but we never know what she is going to do." And the clearness of her vision was never disturbed by narrow or selfish considerations.

This gift, if gift it be, this power to forecast human conduct—when applied to government is statesmanship; when united with command of material resources develops the great financier; when applied to the problems of law produces the great jurist; and is an essential condition to a great administrator in any field. Furthermore, she possessed the art of forgetting; she accumulated neither griefs nor grudges, her world was fresh every morning and bright every evening. Whatever had happened, when the incident was closed, life began anew, nothing was laid up to be recalled upon the morrow.

I have sometimes thought that the human race might be broadly divided into two groups—those who are willing to help others and those who are not,—the generous and the selfish. Mrs. Johnston stood high in the group of those seeking to help others. She never withheld from any one any assistance that she could render.

Her religious life was the life of service. She was of New England descent and from childhood

ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

was trained in the strict orthodox view. But dogmas were very little to her. The great fact of God as her Father swallowed up the changing aspect of theological opinions and enabled her calm and serene to look with hope and confidence upon the present and toward the future. Her feeling was

No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

She was in her later years a member of the Second Congregational Church and the words of her pastor, the Rev. Henry M. Tenney, will tell better than I the story of her religious faith.

"Mrs. Johnston's religion was not of the emotional type, but it was a religion of profound and simple faith and strong conviction. She was an inspiring teacher of the Bible. She loved the church, believed in its importance; and was constant in her attendance upon its services and social meetings. The changing theological viewpoint of recent times troubled her often, nor did she ever probably fully adjust her thinking to the change. Nevertheless, she believed when she could not clearly see. She believed in the men of the newer thought, believed in their devotion and earnest study and in the ultimate good results of their work. She believed in God, in Jesus Christ our Lord, in an overruling and guiding providence and

in the future life. Death she looked in the face for months, but without fear. The transition she anticipated, as she said, as she had often anticipated her frequent journeys to unfamiliar lands. She was curious to see what kind of a country that undiscovered country would prove to be, and what kind of work she should find waiting there for her to do. But whatever and wherever it should be it was the home-land,—the eternal home of the infinite Father and of his children. And in this spirit of trust and confidence she endured to the end."

We see in the story of her childhood that Mrs. Johnston's sympathy was with the slave while still too young really to comprehend his condition. Living in Oberlin in the '50's still further intensified her feelings. Life in the South did not change her opinions; and the black man as the white man's burden was ever in her mind.

In her position as Principal and as Dean she did everything she could for colored students at Oberlin, guiding, directing, and assisting in every possible way.

In later years she ever discouraged colored people of the south from coming to northern Ohio—she had seen too many fall victim to tuberculosis to dare to shut her eyes to the probable result. And when good schools and colleges were established at the south she urged them as a matter of life as

well as education to attend those schools and not tempt a climatic environment which was so frequently fatal.

Her sympathy for the colored race was deeper than words. In our walks together I never knew her to meet a colored child in go-cart or mother's arms, without saying "I am so sorry, think what that baby has before it to endure; and the more intelligent it is the more it will suffer." She realized that in the colored race lies a great problem of our country's future and always listened with the keenest appreciation to any plan for improving its condition.

It is interesting to enquire what were the views of so wise and far-seeing a woman concerning Woman Suffrage.

In the first place we must note that there has been a very general consensus of opinion among the authorities of Co-educational and Women's Colleges that the topic of Woman Suffrage was one wisely left unconsidered in student discussions. With that policy Mrs. Johnston was in most hearty accord. It was clear to her that this was a post-graduate not an undergraduate question.

Her entire life had been one continuous effort for bettering the condition of women, so there was no doubt as to her sympathy with the chief aim of the movement; to her the question always resolved

itself into another, "Will suffrage accomplish for women what is hoped for?"

In the only public expression of opinion upon the subject that I ever heard her make, the discussion was,—for it was clear that her own view was not absolutely settled—that it was questionable whether all political power should be direct power—might there not wisely remain in the body politic a body of indirect power such as the influence of women at present largely is. Might not this indirect power really be the more efficient, inasmuch as it can neither be bribed nor intimidated? At the same time to her the course of evolution was so clear that not in advocacy but in prophecy she said that in very few years wherever women in considerable numbers desired the suffrage it would be theirs; and if she were living at the time she would vote gladly.

This was her view until the last year of her life when I have reason to believe that the trend of events led her to question the efficiency of the indirect influence from which she had hoped so much, and that she was coming to believe in the direct method. So far as I know, she never publicly declared this, possibly because she had no opportunity.

That a single life can span the period of the modern development of the education of women is, indeed, astonishing but true. Oberlin was the

first school in this country of collegiate rank to confer a degree upon a woman and she did this in 1838. Since that time she has quietly pursued her chosen way, welcoming to her side the Women's Colleges and the State Universities as they appeared and equally cordial to the co-educational, the separate and the co-ordinate schools—all seeking the same result.

President King, in his baccalaureate sermon of June, 1911, speaking of the makers of Oberlin, says:

“One cannot leave the briefest account of those who have wrought in the life of Oberlin, without some mention of the women who were responsible for the care of the women students in this first attempt at college co-education of the sexes. Two names,—singularly enough,—bridge the entire period from the beginning to the year 1900, those of Mrs. Dascomb and Mrs. Johnston; for between the two periods of her Principalship Mrs. Dascomb was constantly a member of the Women's Board of Managers, and her second term of service extended from 1852 to 1870, when Mrs. Johnston's appointment began. Both knew that they owed much to the noble women of the Board with whom they counseled; and between Mrs. Dascomb's two terms, other potent personalities came in; but there can be little doubt that these two have

been the determining personal factors in this sphere; and they were both remarkable women. Let a single sentence of President Fairchild's point the secret of Mrs. Dascomb's power: 'Mrs. Dascomb was wonderfully fitted for the work she had to do, strong in the simplicity and transparency and integrity of her character, and in the unconscious influence which constantly attended her.' In herself she persistently stood for the best in womanly character. And such personal standards and poise were worth more than many theories.

"The brilliancy, personal distinction, teaching gifts and dramatic power of presentation of Mrs. Johnston made most effective her enthusiastic devotion to Oberlin's interests during her entire thirty-seven years of service as Principal and Professor. It was impossible to think weak or characterless anything to which she gave her advocacy. She felt a personal responsibility for the development, on all sides, of the young women committed to her care, and hesitated at nothing she believed helpful to that end. She had the full courage of strong convictions. Probably no other single influence for that period, with the possible exception of President Fairchild's, counted so much with the Oberlin women."

Her field of influence was not limited to Oberlin and it is with pleasure that I transcribe the appreci-

ative words of President Evans of Lake Erie College, who writes me:

"As I review the forty years of my friendship with Mrs. Johnston I am impressed anew with those personal characteristics noted at our first meeting. When with her I always felt myself in the presence of a strong personality, able to bring things to pass, without, however, overriding the judgment of others; a woman of strong convictions for which she could make large sacrifices. Her mental breadth made her a wise administrator as well as an exceptional teacher and through her power of imagination and dramatic instinct the past lived again in her class-room.

"Mrs. Johnston was not only a strong woman—she was a giver of strength. Her sympathies were as deep as her vision was broad; she seemed to radiate vitality in the very wave of her hair and the cordial grasp of her hand. Her friendships were strong, tender, and true; they did not depend upon frequent visits or letters—when we met we found each other at once, only she had always gone on in some new and interesting development.

"It is a temptation to linger at certain points along the forty years of this broadening and uplifting friendship. One picture comes to memory as clear and distinct as if it were yesterday. It is the social evening at Dr. Allen's in Oberlin in the early 70's when our acquaintance really

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began. Mrs. Dascomb was the center of attraction, seated on a sofa in the serenity of her silver haired age, Mrs. Johnston on one side and I on the other with our responsibilities still before us, and it is pleasant to record that the friendship begun there continued to the end."

Dr. Warner, who knew her well for so many years, writes of her:

"Mrs. Johnston was a woman of positive convictions and of striking personality. She was usually the center of any group of persons of which she was a member. Those who did not know her would often seek her out and ask to make her acquaintance. There was something in her appearance and in her animated conversation which commanded attention and marked her as no ordinary personage. Many of her permanent friendships grew out of chance acquaintances made in this informal way.

"It was this personality, this leadership, this intense moral purpose that gave Mrs. Johnston such power and influence as a member of society and as a teacher. She was a positive character, and the things which she believed, she believed intensely. Such a character could not fail to exercise a powerful influence over the lives of others, especially over the young. She was a constant inspiration to her pupils and very many of them look

back upon her encouragement as the turning point in their lives. From her they received the impulse which stimulated them to put forth the efforts that finally won success in life.

"There was another side to Mrs. Johnston's character not usually recognized or suspected by those who saw only her public life. While she was courageous in defending the oppressed and firm in upholding the right, she was to her family and friends the most gentle, the most timid, the most affectionate of women. It is a significant fact that the title by which Mrs. Johnston was usually known to her large circle of friends was one which emphasized her womanliness. She was for many years the Dean of the Women's Department and a Professor in Oberlin College, but she was seldom called by either of these titles. A neighboring university conferred upon her the honorary degree of LL. D., but she was rarely called Dr. Johnston. To her friends she always retained that more familiar, more endearing title of Mrs. Johnston, a title which suggested those refined and womanly qualities which she possessed in so remarkable a degree.

"For forty years she was officially connected with Oberlin College, and during that time she touched the lives of more than ten thousand students. This was during the period of the greatest development in this country of co-education, and of

the higher education of women. What a field of work she had! What an opportunity for impressing upon her age those high ideals of education, of domestic happiness, and of Christian character, so prominent in her teaching and so exemplified in her own life and experience."

An account of an incident in Mrs. Johnston's life in Tennessee by Miss Anna J. Wright is most interesting. She writes:

"I have never known just where or when our dear Mrs. Johnston taught in the south before she came to Oberlin. Probably that has nothing to do with the story. Also you may not care for the setting. I give it because after all the years the picture of Mrs. Johnston as I saw her for the first time is inseparable in my memory, from the first lesson that I heard from her lips.

"It was in Dr. Dascomb's laboratory, a quaint one-story brick building covered with vines and shaded by trees. Beside the narrow side door, always open in the summer, grew a great clump of wahoo bushes. It was the one picturesque bit in old Oberlin. Within were bare white walls and tiers of high-backed wooden benches, but behind the long table, stained with chemicals, outlined against the gray background of shelves and bottles stood Mrs. Dascomb's gracious presence. Beside her one summer day in the late sixties I first saw Mrs. Johnston. She stood under the long skylight, a slender white figure crowned with masses of red bronze hair.

"The long roll was called and then Mrs. Johnston told us one of her experiences in the south.

"She had been greatly impressed with the need of a Sunday school for the neglected, untaught children of her

neighborhood and had invited some of them to meet her on a Sunday afternoon at a little country schoolhouse. 'Imagine my consternation,' she said, 'at finding the room filled, not with children, but with grown men and women.' They had heard that, 'the little Yankee school ma'am was going to hold a Sunday school,' and had come for miles around to see what a Sunday school might be. Now they sat watching her with eyes that were curious, critical, amused, not sympathetic.

"A happy thought struck her. Approaching a man whom she knew to be a member of a local church, accustomed to taking a part in public worship, she asked him to open the meeting. He declined. Another declined. Kindly Christian gentlemen as they were in ordinary circumstances, not one of those men would assume any responsibility for a religious meeting called by a northern school mistress.

"She must meet the emergency alone. She could read a chapter. They would probably join in singing some familiar hymn, but could she stand up before those cold, critical strangers and pray? She could because she must and she must not hesitate lest her courage fail utterly. So she took her place, read the chapter slowly, closed the book and prayed. What she said she could never remember but her prayer of faith was answered.

"When she faced the audience again she saw in some eyes a sympathetic interest not there before. They listened respectfully while she explained the purpose of a Sunday school and some of them thanked her as they went away. At least she had not utterly failed in duty as a northern woman and a Christian.

"The General Exercise was sometimes filled with uninteresting routine detail but sometimes, as on this occasion, there came before the young women of Oberlin a

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strong woman with a message, an inspired word that gave them strength and courage for all their lives and so as I look back over my student years in Oberlin I recall the General Exercise as a most valuable part of what Oberlin had to give the young women who came to her.

It is a pleasure to close this story of a life with a tribute from a daughter of Vassar, Professor Emma M. Perkins, of Western Reserve University:

"The words spoken at the passing of two great English statesmen came into my mind when, in July, 1910, I read of the death of Mrs. Johnston—

" 'Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver voice is still,
The warder silent on the hill.'

"Truly the warder of so many matters, educational and spiritual, pertaining to women, is silent. And still she yet speaks in the vivid memories of her strong personality and character.

"In 1891, the Ohio Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was organized in Cleveland. As one of the happiest results of this organization and work, covering a period of twenty years, we

count our association with Mrs. Johnston. She was with us when we, as a little group of thirty women representing many colleges, met together for the maintenance of the aims for which the Association stands. She remained with us in all the subsequent years, as our numbers gained and strengthened. She came to as many of our gatherings as possible during the year, always making it a point to be with us at the annual meeting, when it often meant an unusually heavy day for her in the heat and discomfort of the closing days of the college year.

“One could ask no more devoted allegiance than hers to the higher educational opportunities opening before women in every direction. There could have been no more alert pilot over uncharted seas, no more wary guide through untraveled ways. Her youth had known the meagerness of the educational feast spread for women in most parts of this new country and with all the fervor of her soul she stood for absolute equality in the educational privileges offered to men and women and for woman’s ability to accept and use the very best. No talent entrusted to those of her tutoring needed to be buried for lack of use. Her challenge of true worth was quick, sharp, insistent, but once satisfied the very challenge was a strong, sure basis of lasting friendship.

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"Busy as Mrs. Johnston was with her heavy work as Dean and Professor, she never refused to give an after dinner talk at the Alumnæ annual luncheon and fortunate the group of women in whose memories those talks abide! An expectant stir never failed to welcome the utterance of her name, an anticipatory eagerness always marked the faces of her hearers before she had spoken a word. Indeed, the very movement of her shoulders, suggestive as it was of strength, alertness and elasticity of spirit, seemed to herald the coming words. All her hearers always gave remarkable response to the keen, penetrating glances of her expressive eyes. Subtle changes of emotion followed one another in quick succession in facial expression before a syllable had fallen from her lips. Her clear, distinct tones carried conviction by their very charm and dignity. A teacher of art, she was herself an artist in words, in thought, in arrangement, in poise, in coloring, in, one might almost say, atmospheric effects. In finesse of feeling and in divination of thought, she was almost another person's second ego. And so an audience or group of hearers was always hers before she had spoken many words. She could take the point of view of any listener, make it her own, and then, in a second, hers was the listener's standpoint. Sympathy made her royal in her largesses. Intellect led her to the front. Integrity and truth to ideals made her like

a tower of strength to all who came to her. And still in spirit she seemed as meek and gentle as a child. Among women workers in education she was a natural born leader, a leader who had shirked none of the hardships of the way, but a leader who had always the beauties of the heights of the mount of transfiguration before her eyes. 'The vision that makes life free' was surely hers.

"When I think of all that she has meant to our Ohio Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, I wish it were possible to discern the good which she has brought into the lives of the thousands of college women who have come within the range of immediate association with her. Such an outlook would take one through every state in this country, through every country where education and culture have made their way, and to every country where Oberlin College workers carry aloft the Christian banner and follow in their Master's train.

"As a speaker Mrs. Johnston had a remarkable blending of pathos and humor, a strong union of intellect and spirit. She never blushed nor apologized for her religion. It breathed in and through all that she thought and said. Her religion was the strongest influence in a strong woman. With her verities were facts not toys. Beliefs and ideals were the main factors in her daily life. And so

she always 'kept in her heart the romance of the pilgrimage' through life.

"In 1906, the College for Women, Western Reserve University, at its Commencement honored itself by conferring upon Mrs. Johnston the degree of Doctor of Letters. As it was my privilege to place the doctor's hood upon her shoulders, I realized how glad I was to have her name head the roll of the names of women who will bear this degree from the Western Reserve University in coming years.

"Mrs. Johnston's college work was done in northern Ohio and two northern Ohio colleges thus carry her name as the name of a most highly honored daughter.

"My last day with Mrs. Johnston was when, in 1909, as representatives of the colleges which we served, we marched together in the Commencement procession at the exercises celebrating Lake Erie College's Jubilee week. I realized then, in seeing her clear glances, her absorbing interest in all collegiate questions, that length of days with her would always be youth, that she faced the East and would until the day breaks. I gave thanks in my heart for a life that stands for truth and the beauty of the unchanging, for one who could fare forth to the eternal with as calm assurance as to the morning's sunrise.

"Every inch of the hardly-won privileges of college education for women she held dear. I think she yearned most for hearts loyal and true enough in the oncoming generations of women collegians to hold the ground already gained and to relax no degree in vigilance for securing new opportunities and privileges.

"Peril, toil, and pain mean little to valiant souls and surely hers was a valiant spirit. In recognition of this the women of the Ohio Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae love and honor her memory."

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HER MESSAGE.

When Earth for me is past
Hold me in memory fast
 O friends most dear—
When ended all life's fret
Remember love that met
 You year by year—

The tasks I leave undone
Because my race is run
 Finish for me;
That hope of future good
In daily paths pursued
 Fulfilled may be—

And friends upon my bier
Let fall no hopeless tear
 For lips now dumb.
The bard believe—For me
The best is yet to be
 Eons to come.
 —Ellen Bartlett Currier.

THIS FACSIMILE OF MRS. JOHNSTON'S HANDWRITING
IS THE CLOSE OF A LETTER DATED APRIL 10, 1909.



THE FIELD COAT OF ARMS.

GENEALOGY OF ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON.

Adelia Antoinette Field, born at Lafayette, Ohio, February 5, 1837. (Married August 17, 1859, to James M. Johnston, who died January 13, 1862.) Principal, Dean of Women, and Professor at Oberlin College, 1870-1907. Died at Oberlin, July 22, 1910. Daughter of:

LEONARD FIELD born at Rodman, Jefferson County, N. Y., February 9, 1809. (Married November 3, 1834, Margaret Gridley, born in 1813, died in 1887.) Died at Chester, O., September 12, 1849. Son of:

DANIEL FIELD, born at Cranston, R. I., September 9, 1764. (Married Sarah —, of Chester, Vt.) Resided at Chester, Vt., and Rodman, N. Y. Date of death not given. Son of:

JAMES FIELD, born at Providence, R. I., July 31, 1738. (Married Hannah Stone, October 12, 1760; married for second wife Jane Stone, December 12, 1763.) Resided at Cranston, R. I., and Chester, Vt. Date of death not given. Son of:

ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

JEREMIAH FIELD, born in Providence, R. I., before 1706. (Married Abigail Waterman, December 27, 1725.) Date of death not given. Son of:

THOMAS FIELD, born in Providence, R. I., January 3, 1670, twice married, and died January 18, 1744. Son of:

THOMAS FIELD, born in England, 1648—married in Providence, R. I., Martha Harris. Date of death not given. Son of:

THOMAS FIELD, born at Thurmscoe, England,—dates unknown. Son of:

WILLIAM FIELD, born at Ardsley, England,—dates unknown. Son of:

JOHN FIELD, born in decade 1510-20, East Ardsley, England; died May, 1587.

John Field was an early astronomer; the one who by his writings made known the Copernican theory to England. On September 4, 1558, the Court of Heraldry confirmed to him the right to use the Family Arms and gave him the privilege of adding to them a crest—a right arm holding a sphere.

Compiled from the Genealogy of the Field Family.

DATES.

- 1837. February 5. Born at Lafayette, Ohio.
- 1847. Family moved to Chester, Ohio.
- 1847-49. Geauga Seminary.
- 1849. September 12. Father died.
- 1849. Mother moves to Clarksfield, Ohio.
- 1850. Mother moves to Oberlin, Ohio.
- 1852. Enters Oberlin College.
- 1856. Graduates.
- 1856-59. Teaches at Mossy Creek, Tenn.
- 1859. Marries James M. Johnston and moves to Orwell, Ohio.
- 1862. January 14. James M. Johnston dies.
- 1862-65. Teaches at Kinsman, Ohio.
- 1865. Andover, Mass.
- 1866-68. Teaches at North Scituate, R. I.
- 1869-70. In Europe.
- 1870. Principal of Women's Department of Oberlin College.
- 1873. A. M. Hillsdale College, Mich.
- 1874. Reports for Oberlin College in *Education of American Girls* by Anna Brackett.
- 1877. Summer in Europe with Mary M. Wright.

ADELIA A. FIELD JOHNSTON

- 1878. A. M. Oberlin College.
- 1880. Serious illness. Goes to Nassau and St. Augustine.
- 1881-82. In Europe with Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Baldwin.
- 1883. Sturges Hall is completed.
- 1886. Ladies Hall burns.
- 1887. Baldwin Cottage and Talcott Hall are completed.
- 1888. In Europe with Dr. and Mrs. Lucien C. Warner—visits North Cape.
- 1889. President Fairchild resigns.
- 1890. Becomes Professor of Mediæval History.
- 1891. William G. Ballantine becomes President.
- 1892. Lord Cottage is completed. Summer in Europe.
- 1893. World's Fair at Chicago.
- 1894. Title of Principal in changed to that of Dean. Summer in Europe.
- 1895. Johnston Professorship. Rockefeller Skating Floor is completed.
- 1896. President Ballantine resigns.
- 1897. Summer in Europe.
- 1898. John Henry Barrows becomes President.

DATES

1899. Summer in Europe.
1900. Resigns as Dean; continues as Professor.
1901. Is elected Trustee of the College; resigns and is made a member of the Prudential Committee.
1902. President Barrows dies. Henry Churchill King becomes President.
1903. Portrait painted. Winter in Egypt.
1906. LL. D. Western Reserve University. Starts to go around the world.
1907. Retires upon the Carnegie Foundation.
1908. Park Driveway. Serious illness.
1910. July 22, death. July 25, burial at Westwood.

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